THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

May, 1801.

WINDSOR.

[With a View of the Castle from the Great Park.]

"Majestic Windsor lifts its princely brow."

THOMSON.

THIS seat of royalty is delightfully situated in the county of Berkshire, on the verdant banks of the Thames, which, taking a serpentine direction in that part, never fails to charm the eye with the most pleasing appearance. The Castle was begun by William the Conqueror, and many additions have been since made to it by succeeding monarchs and princes. His present Majesty has greatly contributed to its repairs, and embellished it with many splendid decorations.

The annexed VIEW is taken from between Bishops Gate and Snow Hill, at the further end of the Long Walk, and commands a small though beautiful view of the Castle between the foliage, where the distant land is seen in a line with the top of the Round Tower. The trees in this part are chiefly beech and Elm.

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells),
Beauty with strength above the valley swells,
But such a rise as does at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight.
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the Spheres.

DENHAM.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

BEING an ardent admirer of your very interesting Miscellany, I cannot but congratulate you on the extensive patronage which your Publication has deservedly obtained. A work for the amusement and instruction of our Fair Countrywomen, wherein the selection should be subservient to the interests of virtue and delicacy, was, previous to your undertaking, a desideratum in our periodical productions. As you have occasionally admitted a few papers on coincidence of expression, I have to solicit a place for one, which I am induced to offer from perusing an ingenious Paper in a respectable cotemporary Publication,* wherein the Author has traced a variety of passages which the learned Mr. Thomas Warton has evidently copied from our immortal Milton. My principal design is to remove, through the medium of your widely-circulated Work, any imputation of plagiarism which may hereafter be attached to the Writer of "A Literary Sketch of Warton:" I say hereafter; for though the performance has been some time finished, yet the publication will be deferred till next month, and that in detached parts, in a small provincial magazine, to be called "The Stockton Museum," &c.

As the poem to which Octavius confines himself has long been, with me at least, a peculiar favourite, I was pleased to find him prefacing his remarks by observing that "The Pleasures of Melancholy" is one of Warton's earliest compositions; and, at the same time that it is one of the longest---is one of the happiest efforts of his Muse. The Writer of the literary sketch before alluded to, after observing that it is quite in the Miltonic manner, and passing a few general encomiums on the poem, cites several parallel passages, since expunged, as Octavius has anticipated the design with such erudition. But as he has not

* The Monthly Mirror.

noticed

noticed (and probably may not, as his comparison is between Milton and Warton) the following evident marks of imitation, I shall make no apology for obtruding them on your attention, since it introduces two quotations of exquisite beauty. Love, he proceeds, is nearly allied to sentiment, and sentiment is the nurse of melancholy. The lover's melancholy has frequently been the subject of investigation,* and as frequently pronounced to be little more than misery to its possessor; but from its approximation to sensibility, the most exquisite feeling of which we are susceptible, and, indeed, the very foundation of every real pleasure, it certainly produces the most rapturous sensations, and may well be called "The Pleasures of Melancholy."

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreathe of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
Oh! tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To melody's assuasive voice, to bend
The uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour the sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted. WARTON.

There is a striking analogy between this passage and some very beautiful lines in "The Pleasures of the Imagination." Akenside's excellent poem was published in 1744, and Warton's is dated 1745.

..... Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. AKENSIDE.

* See particularly BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY," a new and elegant Edition of which has just been published by VERNOR & HOOD.

I would not be understood, he continues, as noticing the marks of imitation, in order to depreciate our author's poetical character; but as it is a pleasing curiosity to trace the source of an author's ideas, to observe what alteration they have undergone in the progress, or how far the same thought may be varied by different modes of expression. Warton has not confined his imitations of Milton to this poem alone; as may be seen by an attentive perusal of their respective works, particularly his Hamlet, and Milton's Penseroso, from which the former has tranfused most of his very beautiful imagery. Indeed, Warton seems to have studied our great bard with peculiar felicity. Let it not be supposed, as Hortensius concludes, that he was deficient in the qualifications of an original poet: to obviate this, it is only necessary to refer to "The Pleasures of Melancholy," and they will find ample proofs of art, genius, and versification. The sombrous colouring which Warton borrowed of Milton, and has employed in this truly beautiful poem, throws a gloom over his versification, happily corresponding with the nature of his subject. His language is in a high degree flowing and luxuriant, and such as may be said to be

"Both its lustre and its shade."

DELIUS.

Stockton upon Tees, April, 1801.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXV.

IT has been said, and perhaps not without some considerable share of truth, that all the wishes of young females tend to excite admiration, and that the principal business of their early life is to win a lover with whom they may form the closest ties of an honourable connexion. There are, unquestionably, deviations from this line of conduct;

conduct; but it may safely be affirmed, to the credit of the sex, that most of them are anxious to please, and happy when they can engage the affections of a man to whom they have, perhaps, secretly devoted their heart. Did they, however, estimate the real, rather than the specious, qualities of their suitors; did they regard moral character, above a splendid equipage, a large jointure, and fashionable manners; matrimonial infelicity would be more rare, and the objects and pursuits of female youth would lead to happiness in age. Much, however, will depend on their own conduct as wives, to retain the heart they have gained. Prudence, sweetness of temper, acquiescence in their allotments, and a constant desire to oblige, will ultimately reclaim and fix the man who pays little regard to the solemnities of a contract; while the contrary disposition will render the best husband either unhappy or indifferent.

Aspasia, after receiving an useful, rather than a shewy, education, was taken from school, and soon after losing her mother, she was called upon to superintend her father's house. She did more: for being the eldest of six children, she assiduously instructed her younger sisters, and in some measure discharged the duty of a parent to her brothers. Her form was elegant, and she did not disguise it by an affectation of finery. Simplicity in dress was as much her study as purity of heart. Her face was covered with the native cheerfulness of innocence; and the sentiments that flowed from her lips evinced a well regulated understanding, and a correct taste. She did not attempt to dazzle; she even concealed the wit which was natural to her; and her vivacity was always under the curb of prudence; but she disdained prudery and formality, and was not so weak as to imagine that reserve is virtue, or silence wisdom.

In every domestic quality she shone with lustre: as a daughter she was exemplary, as a sister affectionate and kind. Her merits made her known; her worth was respected, her beauty admired; and, before she had reached her twentieth year, several overtures of marriage were

made to her father, which he communicated to her without attempting to bias her inclinations. She heard the proposals with attention, and replied with modesty. Her general answer was, " that she was so happy as a daughter, that she did not wish to change her condition; that while she could be useful to the best of fathers, she should feel it a dereliction of her duty to leave him; for that, secure in his protection, she had not yet been able to make up her mind to exchange it for the care of another.

These arguments, so honourable to her filial regards, she used with perfect sincerity. She had not met with any person capable of engaging her esteem; and she abhorred the idea of giving her hand without that better part, her heart. She also had learned to think, and to discriminate, and had formed in her own mind the character of the lover on whom alone she would eventually be disposed to bestow her person.

Among the occasional visitors at her father's house were several young gentlemen, who paid her all the delicate attentions due to youth and loveliness, but two alone were sufficiently particular to indicate a wish for exclusive regard. One was the son and heir of a country squire of large estate; the other the curate of the parish in which Aspasia resided.

The young squire was not deficient in understanding or personal attractions; but his taste was uncultivated, and his manners formed on the model of sportsmen, with whom he principally associated. He evidently preferred Aspasia to other ladies of his acquaintance; and being a man of fortune, he did not anticipate much objection to a tender of his passion, whenever he chose to be explicit. Pluming himself on his external advantages, he neglected those acts of conciliation which a beautiful and sensible female had a right to expect. His compliments had an air of indifference, or were ill-timed; his wit was rather manual than mental. Having, however, obtained the consent of his family to offer his hand to Aspasia, he no longer delayed acquainting her father with the disposition

of

of his mind. Like a tender parent, he acted with his usual discretion and fondness, and referred him to his daughter. Sure of conquest, he now disclosed his sentiments to Aspasia, and urged his passion in terms sufficiently warm, but void of that delicacy which was calculated to win on her affections. In words expressive of gratitude for his favourable opinion, she gave him to understand, that though she respected him and his family, she did not feel her heart disposed to encourage his advances. She pleaded her unfitness to make him an agreeable partner; and conjured him, if he valued her peace, to desist from fruitless importunity. Astonished at this unexpected repulse, he became more assiduous to win her affections than ever; and poured out his passion with a vehemence that confounded the modest and timid Aspasia.

The only means left of shewing her unalterable resolution not to admit him as a suitor, were to avoid his company, and to importune her father to interfere in her behalf. These she employed with effect; and at the same time behaved with such consistency and amiability, that she gained as a friend, the very person whom she had rejected as a lover.

The curate, who it may be anticipated became her future husband, perhaps at first had not an idea of presuming to hope for the favour of a lady possessing so many advantages and desirable qualifications as Aspasia was universally allowed to do. He was assiduous, indeed, to please her, but he never ventured a compliment that could be construed into partial love. He furnished her with books, joined in all her little amusements, which he seemed happy to promote; but even when he knew the young squire was urging his suit with all the prospect of success that rank and fortune could bestow, he never gave a hint of jealousy, or mentioned the subject. His manners, his education, most likely had made a strong impression on Aspasia's heart; but he did not seem to consider himself as entitled

entitled to her love, and by this delicate reserve worked more strongly on her affections.

One day, when he found the match with the squire was wholly off, he ventured, however, to allude to the subject; and in a jocular manner expressed his wonder that she could be so cruel and so unfashionable as to reject a person of his rank, merely because she did not love him.

Aspasia coloured, and declared, that her sentiments and her conduct might be unfashionable, but that they would never change: adding, that she could never vow obedience to any one who was not the object of her entire regard.

"Happy," said the curate, "must that man be who deserves your regard, and who can win your love. Oh! Aspasia; were I possessed of a fortune equal to your merits---but no more---I will not offend."

Aspasia blushed, and betrayed her inmost soul; a glance of sympathy was exchanged, and the subject was dropped.

The young divine was filled with the most perplexing disquietude when alone. He felt he loved Aspasia with the greatest tenderness; and began to hope that he was not indifferent to her; but like a man of honour, he determined to sound her father's mind, before he proceeded a step farther. Suffice it to say, he behaved so well in this business, that he won the esteem of the parent, and was soon blessed with the hand of Aspasia. The squire, her former suitor, about the same time having a living become vacant, wrote to Aspasia, inclosing a presentation of it to her husband, as a pledge of his friendship for both; and avowed, that he respected her more than if she had favoured his own addresses, unless she could have given him her heart.

Thus Aspasia, by her prudence in the most important affair of a female's life, gained the friendship of a generous man, and the undivided affection of a worthy one. In these times, when selfish and mercenary views frequently cloud the fairest and the finest emotions of the heart, her conduct will perhaps have few imitators; yet it is not the less praise-worthy, or the less deserving to be followed.

FELIX

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[In continuation from page 261.]

LETTER IV.

YOU ask me for a description of my dwelling, and mode of life:---I can only tell you, that my chamber window looks over the tops of some tall trees which grow near a solitary pool in the valley below; that I often take my book, and read there; or, seated on a pile of hewn boughs, watch the moon reflected in the still water.

I used, once, to think, that in country scenes the soul would gain energy and activity: I have been mistaken. Mine is sunk into a delicious idleness, out of which I have neither the courage nor the desire to rouse. The woods, the stars, the waters, and the insects, which are now humming by thousands around me, are all my study; I have closed every other book but the large volume of Nature;---and, yet, just now, I talked of reading:——may I be excused by saying, that all my intellectual food is but of the pampering kind?---it is poetry!---Come, then, my Alonzo! ---come, and share in my tranquility! You know not how delightful it is, in a fine evening, to sit in this sequestered spot, listening to the hamlet bells, softened by distance, and sweetened by the tender scenery of the pool!

Oh! insensible men!---building prisons, which ye call cities, and sighing for the fresh air of Heaven even through those very grates which your own hands have raised!--- Insensible men!---Why will ye wilfully pine in crowds, when health, freedom, and beauty, invite you to their retired abodes!

Adieu!---I feel transported to the golden age, and shall actually rove, if I write on. What a glorious sun-set!—— Adieu!

FELIX.

LETTER

LETTER V.

THERE is a pretty pastoral-looking girl, who passed, a fortnight ago, for the first time, by a porch overgrown with honey-suckles, where I sometimes sit writing to you. Her brown bodice laced with pink ribands, and her glossy black hair ill-concealed by a large straw hat, made me, after the first glance, take a second. ——"This," thought I, "is the belle of the village."

She was looking back at me when I did so, and she blushed. The next evening she passed again; I was reading, and as she advanced I closed my book:---upon my word, this was done without thinking. And, now, my little coquet always makes Louis's hut in her road to the hamlet: if she does not see me in the porch, she raises her eyes to my casement---blushes---looks down; and sometimes, when I have been concealed by the honey-suckles, she has sighed.---What do you think of this adventure?

Adieu! FELIX.

ACCOUNT of an EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER

Met with in a little Village in Provence, in France.

A GENTLEMAN arrived there, and sought the best house of entertainment he could find, where he might lodge that night. He had no sooner alighted, than he asked for a blacksmith:---the host offered his services. The gentleman accepted them; and, whilst the horse was shoeing, a person came to have an act stipulated.---the blacksmith, now the notary, signed the deed; at the same time informing his guest that he was likewise a solicitor and an advocate. A moment after, a person came to desire that he would immediately visit a sick patient:---the notary, now a physician, attended his patient; and, when he returned, convinced the gentleman that he was not only a physician, but an apothecary and surgeon, and offered to give a spe-

a specimen of his talents, either in prescribing a dose of physic, or in performing an operation:---

"All my apartments," said he, "are devoted to some or other of my trades. Behold my laboratory on the left ---my surgery on the right---my study between both---my kitchen below---my rooms for my guests before---my chambers to lodge them behind---and my forge at the bottom of my court: but, although I have so many employments, yet I find the times so miserably bad, that I can scarcely obtain a subsistence."

FASHIONABLE ARTICLE OF FURNITURE.

Transparent Spring Blinds. AMONG the many ingenious and useful inventions which characterize the present age, the above new idea may be said to have a more than common share of attraction. Transparencies on a small scale, drawn on silk, have been much admired; but the taste of the artist has been hitherto confined within very narrow bounds.--- The invention above named gives ample scope for the exercise of talent, and, from a happy combination of art and nature, the glowing teints are preserved; and the perspective being kept up by a minute attention to trifling objects in the fore-ground, the general landscape appears with the happiest effects. The following is a description of those affixed to the drawing-room of a distinguished Nobleman:

Hereford Cathedral, with the new tower lately erected by Wyatt, which is said to be one of the first pieces of modern architecture. The Cathedral stands on an eminence; at the foot of it runs, in a serpentine direction, the famous river Wye; on the banks is a rich display of scenery. The lofty trees are interspersed with the oak, the willow, &c.; the other luxuriant productions of Nature appear in the most agreeable wildness, the bridge, the distant landscape, exhi-

exhibiting the spire of the village church and the neighbouring hamlets. The drawing is in water colours on brown Holland cloth, and the execution is confined solely to the artist who invented the design.

The elegance and utility of this article promise to render it of the first estimation in the eyes of the fashionable world. The Queen has already patronized the idea, and a set is getting ready for Buckingham House and Windsor Castle, from drawings taken of different parts of the country to which Her Majesty is most attached. Many noblemen and gentlemen intend having drawings immediately taken of their country seats, and introduced in their drawing-rooms and studies in the form of spring window blinds.

AN ADMIRABLE REMEDY IN INCIPIENT CONSUMPTIONS.

[From the Recipe of an ingenious Physician at Montpellier.]

TAKE of Madeira, or good generous Mountain, wine, two quarts; balsams of Gilead and Tolu, each two ounces; Gum Olibanum in Tears, grossly powdered, two ounces; flowers of Benjamin, half an ounce. Let the mixture stand near the fire for three or four days, frequently shaking the vessel; then add thereto, of Narbonne honey, four ounces; extract of Canadian maiden-hair, eight ounces: shake the bottle well, and strain off the liquor. The dose, two tea-spoonfuls, to be taken once in four hours, in colts-foot tea, or water, sweetened with capillaire.

N. B. The Canadian maiden-hair, which we import from thence in great plenty, is infinitely superior to that which grows in England. A strong infusion made of this herb, sweetened with honey or sugar-candy, is the best ptisan which can possibly be drank by consumptive people, and will of itself cure any recent cough.

ALBERT

ALBERT AND LAURA:

A SWISS TALE.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

GRAY.

IT has long been a matter of the deepest regret, that the delightful country of Switzerland should be so meanly subjugated to the insolent ambition of France, whose dangerous power seems aimed at every state which does not connive at her infatuated and tyrannic principles. She would be less hated, did she support her prosperous situation with diffidence, or show humanity after conquest; but that is not the case, and her triumphs are always followed by acts of rapine and unpardonable cruelty. None have felt the miserable effects of slavery more than the Swiss, and none have less deserved it. They were a people who, enjoying the true blessings of liberty, wished not to aggrandize their own property at the expense of others. For two hundred years they had lived in peace, and rendered themselves an ornament to Europe, when the avarice of the French, which spreads like a pestilence, destroyed their hopes, and carried desolation into their land.

The inhabitants of the canton of Uri, harmless and inoffensive, sought no other means of enriching themselves than by the advantages accruing from agriculture and other quiet pursuits: they seemed to live only for their wives and children; and it has been long the prevailing character of that particular canton, that few were rich, because they looked upon excessive wealth to be what it is always found,—

found,---an effectual bar to happiness. They were almost all husbandmen: they rose early to their task, and, after toiling in the fields till the setting sun denoted the hour of repose to be near, returned to their cottages with the pleasing reflection of having passed a day of virtue, and finding their innocent babes, supported by the fond mother, anxious to contribute to their ease, and dissipate by laughter and caresses the fatigues of labour. In the society of each other they gaily conversed; and when the cool breezes of evening succeeded to the heats of noon day, the elders, seated at the door of their habitations, or under the shade of a lofty tree, amused themselves with seeing their young offspring dance to the sweet notes of the flagelet or the lute. Thus passed the lives of these brave and contented people, when the trumpet of France resounded on their frontiers, and awakened them to anxiety and dismay.

Albert and Laura resided in one of the most pleasant villages of the canton: they had been brought up at school together, and as they increased in years their mutual partiality gained new strength. The former was nineteen; his countenance was the seat of health, good-nature, and sweetness, and his actions proclaimed him the simple child of innocence. Laura possessed every virtue that can be expected from mortals in this world; she was about seventeen; her father, who was the only relation Providence had pleased to leave her from early infancy, had been dead about three years before the time when this tale commences. In his last moments he sent for Basil, the father of Albert, and, taking him by the hand, spoke thus:——

"My friend, we have been faithful companions almost from the period that we could lisp each other's names: I have always cherished the firmest sentiments of regard for you, and I know you have felt the same for me: I did a little lament my fate in being just at present compelled to leave this world, but I am now resigned, because it is the will of that all-powerful Creator, who sees every thing, and directs for the best. I should have wished to live a

a short

a short time longer, that I might have secured the happiness of my daughter: she is a lovely girl, and is now at that age when she most requires advice and protection. I shall not offend you with excuses for the trouble I give in confiding her to your care until she arrives at years of maturity; for I know your generous heart will not hesitate to adopt the orphan of a man who has ever been united to you with a brotherly affection."

Basil could not speak for tears, whilst Laura's father paused for breath, and then continued:

"You must not weep," said he, "because you see me depart at these years: I am only as a weary traveller, who, having long buffeted the tempest, feels his anxiety decrease at the prospect of an approaching calm; I shall exchange a precarious existence for a more lasting and happy one in worlds of bliss. I only lament the dangers to which my child may be exposed, unless a friend shields her from the temptations of infamy. Promise me that you will do this; it is my dying wish: your own conscience will applaud you for it in this world, and Heaven, that beholds the exertions of the virtuous with pleasure, will reward you for it in the next."

Basil with difficulty sobbed out, "I will;" and in the same moment his friend expired. Here let me pause a moment, and request my readers to imitate the examples of the good, who, by walking in the paths pointed out by our great Creator, are always enabled to meet death without fear; whilst the wicked, in such moments, besides the torment of present pains, are suffering under the expectation of future ones far more dreadful.

A mutual friendship commenced between Albert and Laura, which was carefully encouraged by Basil; and as they grew up they doted more and more upon each other. The early part of their lives was spent amidst the greatest joys. Laura was famed for all the accomplishments that so eminently distinguish her sex, and Albert imbibed from his countrymen all those sentiments of liberty and true

benevolence which are the leading characteristics of a free-born people. When he was in his nineteenth year, he, one afternoon, led the blushing Laura into a parlour where the venerable Basil was sitting with the holy bible before him, commenting on the wisdom of his Maker, and adoring his works. His two children fell upon their knees: "Father," said Albert, "we hope that we have always done our duty to you; at least we can say that we have endeavoured to fulfil it. You have constantly told us our happiness is the most important consideration that occupies your mind: give, then, your consent to our union, and Heaven will surely bless a marriage which is founded in love, and sanctioned by the consent of a good parent."

"My dear children," replied Basil, "I can now lay my hands upon this sacred book, and say, that I have done my best for your welfare and comfort: God forbid that I should be the means of making you uneasy in such a request as this, when there seems a prospect of so much happiness in store for both. Go, sweetest joys of my heart; be married when you will, and my blessings attend you."

Albert and Laura retired to felicitate each other on their good fortune. The neighbours assembled, and decorated their cottage with garlands and other fantastic inventions; nothing was seen on the plain but dancing, festivity, and preparations for the following morning, when the ceremony was to take place. Congratulations were whispered in their ears from every one, and the time passed on jovially, till evening began to approach: they perceived at a distance one of their friends descend with swiftness the mountain, at the foot of which they were sporting: terror was in his countenance---"Cease, young men," cried he; "cease your pleasures, and prepare for war. Your country is threatened by an ambitious foe, and it is only by the courage of its inhabitants that it can be preserved."

The

The hearts of the women sunk within them at this intelligence, whilst the eyes of the men sparkled with anger: all crowded round, and demanded to know the particulars.

"Austria," replied the messenger, "has long struggled against the numerous hordes of these French robbers. They now over-run her territory; but still she boldly defends herself, and it is only inch by inch that her soldiers lose their ground. France, in order to ensure herself the conquest of the Austrians, wishes to enslave our country, by which means she would have better means of irruption into the lands of her brave opponent; and for this purpose does not scruple to attack us, who for two centuries have lived in peace, and injured no one. The only alternative left us is to defy her power."

There was but one sensation agitated the assembly during this recital. The youths fondly embraced each other, and exclaimed unanimously, "We will conquer, or die." They immediately resolved to offer their services in defence of the state. Albert was among the foremost of these heroes. Whilst reflecting on the dangers that were likely to ensue, he forgot for a moment his beloved Laura; and, when he recovered his serenity, found her in tears. He immediately consoled her in the best manner he was able, and, after begging pardon for his inattention, led her towards home.

Basil was confounded at the alarming news they brought him, and, addressing himself to Albert, said, "A hard trial now awaits you; may honour direct your choice. Do you attend our young warriors to the camp, or will you be united to Laura, and remain behind in safety?"

"I will face death in defence of my native land," replied the youth. "Let me join my brethren in resisting the common foe, and I shall enjoy the society of my dear Laura with tenfold pleasure, by the consciousness that I merit her esteem as a reward for my hardships."

"My gallant son," cried Basil, "you claim my warmest fondness; you have decided as I wished."

Albert turned to embrace Laura.

" Go," said she, attempting to stifle her tears; " I sacrifice every hope for your reputation. I must not regret your absence, for I consider that it is the duty of every one to protect his country when its welfare is endangered."

Albert would have replied, but the horn resounded through the valley, and he perceived his comrades already on their march. " Ha!" cried he, rushing from the cottage, " I shall be the last. Dearest father! dearest Laura! farewel."

Some days after the departure of Albert, Basil received a letter from him. It was dated in the canton of Unterwalden, and contained the most disastrous intelligence: the concluding words were these.---" All is ruin and destruction; on every side we meet the fire and sword of our barbarous and unprovoked enemies. Some mothers are lamenting their lost sons slain in battle; others hang with terror over their bleeding infants, stabbed while clinging to their breasts. Our dispirited forces forget their duty, and are deserting from the banners; every regiment is returning to its particular canton, and the one in which I am inrolled is on its march homewards; so that in a very short time you may expect me with my comrades in the neighbourhood of our cottage, where I will conquer or perish in your defence."

Tears trickled down the cheeks of Basil as he read this melancholy recital. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and offered a silent prayer for the welfare of his unhappy country. The amiable Laura hung over his shoulder with looks of doubt and apprehension whilst he read the letter; and, when he had concluded, she burst into a flood of tears. " Weep not! weep not!" cried Basil. " The tree, overgrown with age, is encumbered by the weight of its branches, and sees its trunk almost borne to the earth; so France may extend her conquests for a time, but she will at length become the victim of those whom she now insolently

lently tramples upon. Dry your tears, my girl, and believe me, though the virtuous may sometimes smart under the iron rod of affliction, a day of retribution is always prepared for the wicked."

After a little persuasion he restored the sweet orphan's courage, and she endeavoured to bear the sorrowful news with some degree of fortitude. Three days elapsed, and no fresh intelligence arrived from Albert. On the fourth morning, the inhabitants of the valley were awakened before day light by the sound of clarions: it was a division of troops belonging to the canton, which had left the main army, and just reached their camp, about a quarter of a mile distant. Basil rose to learn the cause of the disturbance, and was met at the door by his son. The old man shook with transport, and clasped Albert in his arms, calling him by the tenderest names: when his feelings had subsided, he said, "What have you to tell me?"

"But little, father," replied Albert. "We are vanquished: nothing remains for us now but to live in slavery, or suffer death."

"The latter is preferable," cried Basil; "but we will first convince our foes that we are not to be conquered without resistance. Come, enter the cottage, and see your dear Laura: let her smiles for a moment dissipate the anxiety which fills your breast. Alas! we shall not long be able to call this delightful residence our own."

The meeting of the two lovers after so short an absence was very affectionate; but their recollection soon turned to the future, and they knew not but this was the last time they might see each other.

Their apprehensions were not without foundation, for before the day closed news arrived that the enemy were within an hour's march of the valley. The inhabitants were abandoning their cottages for refuge in the woods, and Basil could recommend nothing else for the safety of his children. Albert proposed to fly into Italy, or some other

other foreign country; but the French troops had unfortunately taken possession of all the passes, and their endeavours to escape would have been fruitless. In consequence, they followed the example of their neighbours, and took shelter in an adjacent forest.

Early on the following morning they heard the clash of cymbals die along the air, and, accompanied by some more fugitives, ventured out of the thicket where they had concealed themselves to the skirts of the wood. They perceived volumes of smoke issuing from their little habitations, which the victorious banditti were destroying by fire. Shuddering with fear, they again returned to their hiding place, and, being overcome with fatigue and hunger and the tedious anxiety experienced during the night, made a scanty meal on the wild fruits which the forest afforded.

Laura's delicate constitution was not able to bear the inclemency of the open air. Albert and his father set to work for her convenience, and formed a kind of shed with the branches of trees, which she reposed under when weary. It was a poor shelter, but in her eyes preferable to ravishment and slavery under an unrelenting foe.

Several days elapsed without any thing particular, till, one morning, Basil having penetrated a little distance into the wood for the purpose of gathering fruit, Albert seated himself pensively at the entrance of the shed, and was watching the lovely Laura while she enjoyed the sweets of sleep. Suddenly he heard a rustling among the bushes, and a low murmuring that seemed to proceed from behind the thatch; he laid his hand on his sword, but, ere he could draw it, a band of French soldiers advanced, and disarmed him. His struggles awoke Laura; she ran towards the officer who commanded the detachment, and on her knees implored his mercy: he was for a moment moved at her tears, but quickly conceived the diabolical design of securing her to himself, and ordered the soldiers to conduct her to the camp. Laura resisted, and endeavoured to free herself; whilst Albert made a motion to assist her, but was felled

felled to the ground by a blow from the officer. Burning with rage, he rose, and, breaking from the soldiers who tried to withhold him, drew forth a pocket pistol which he had concealed in his belt, and shot his adversary dead. The guards stood amazed at this piece of courage. Albert, flushed with success, forgot his danger, and was embracing his dear Laura, when a soldier stabbed him in the back with a bayonet. The wounded youth fell, covered with blood, and, for the few short moments his fainting spirit struggled with death, he articulated, in broken sentences, "Father! Laura!" and expired.

Laura, whose nerves were naturally weak, was overcome with horror: the shock had so great an effect upon her, that she could not support herself. Her sight failed her, and she fell lifeless on the body of the deceased.

At that instant Basil returned: it is not possible to describe his feelings at so unexpected a sight. After the first emotions of his grief were ended, he addressed himself to the soldiers in these words.

"Frenchmen! ye who aspire to rule the world, you will not effect your design without showing mercy to those whom the fortune of war puts in your power. Your country has committed the grossest injustice in proceeding hostilely against us; and it was the least generosity you could have shown to spare the wretched, when force was no longer opposed to you. You have here murdered two innocent people who never wronged you in the remotest thought. Go on; fill up the measure of your crimes. You will acquire the title of conquerors, but never that of Christians; and, remember, that an awful day will arrive, when for these your evil deeds "God will bring you unto judgment."

So saying, he knelt down, and kissed the cheeks of the deceased lovers. The soldiers quitted the spot, ashamed of what they had done, and some of them felt a pang of remorse, if there dwells any in the hearts of barbarians.

Albert

Albert and Laura were interred in one grave beside each other: as they had lived together in life, so in death their father would not separate them. Basil survived them but a very short time; the severity of his reflections, joined to the natural infirmities of old age, reduced him in a few weeks to the same state as his children. He had lost the only treasures that endeared him to this world, and died, joyfully expecting a reward in the world to come.

S. W.

March, 1801.

☞ We are much obliged by the attentions of the Correspondent.

REMONSTRANCE AGAINST INTENDED SUICIDE.

[BY MISS KING.]

"THINK, oh! think, what you were about to do! To plunge into eternity; to rush, uncalled, into the presence of your Creator; to tax with injustice his dispensations; to counteract his mandates! Oh! Angelo, remember that the grave shuts out repentance; that the moment we cease to respire this vital air, the imprisoned soul at once escapes, and plunges into other realms. Let meditation pause---a cloud hovers over the rest; dare not, unlicensed, penetrate its awful mysteries. Say, Angelo, canst thou conjecture the means by which we live and breathe, for what purpose formed and gifted with extensive intellects? How, then, shall we dare quit the allotted station, uncalled, unsummoned, with all our frailties unrepented of? Supposing you had precipitated yourself into the greedy element; had you considered what it was to *die?* When battling with the furious waves, would no lingering wish have tortured your heart? when *irretrievable* fate had stared you in the face, would not your fortitude have shrunk from its glowing horrors? Oh! yes!---mental and bodily anguish would have wrought your flinching soul

soul to the pitch of horror and desperation, and, armed with terror, death would have extinguished the struggling breath for ever."

THE FEMALE SPY.

[Continued from p. 298.]

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in not offending them. TULL.

THE letters I received from Miss Wavering and Mrs. Old School, have suggested the following observations, which I submit to public consideration; not only in answer to them, but to every person situated in a similar manner. Volumes have already been expended in the discussions on right and wrong. After all, one's own conscience is probably the best criterion. Mr. Godwin has very *deservedly* found the tide of popular reproach run high against him. Nature *ought* to revolt from the dissemination of such doctrines. His books have by some been seriously commented on; others have treated them in a vein of ridicule; some have exerted themselves to *repel* their effects, from, I hope, a *love* of *virtue;* but not unfrequently, perhaps, they entered the list stimulated by fame or profit: nevertheless, this civil enemy has communicated a pestilence never to be eradicated. In antient days Ostracism was instituted; probably, then, from *envy*, to *banish* the wisest men: were a similar expedient now adopted, this sect of philosophers might be sent to expiate their crimes in a desert. The Cimmerian darkness, with which they have clouded the perceptions of man, would then disperse, and the sun of true reason again brightly emerge. Legislators would do well to consider this. The discerning Paley is the best author to peruse after Mr. Godwin. *His* virtuous arguments at once crush this innovator, who on the wings of infamy has mounted to fame; the youth who fired the Ephesian dome seems to be the model Mr. Godwin has chosen. Let him, however, learn, that the true philosopher

philosopher seeks only the good of mankind; and, rather than dissolve the moral obligation, he would leave them even in what he conceived prejudices. Marriage, for instance, is the cement of society, best suited to promote our interests, and to favour the progress of virtue: he who would break those links which confine the inordinateness of our passions, and let them loose on society, deserves only its detestation: to unbar the gates of vice, to overturn the guard religion, and to bid chaos and anarchy return, is a scheme wild and horrible. No! since we cannot return to the primitive innocence of the Golden Age, let us submit to the wholesome rigor which checks the licentiousness of the Iron one. Better to keep the invalids on a *regimen*, than to render them death in the food they solicit. Weak bodies and weak minds must have a diet adapted for them. In a certain state, to be *unrestricted* is to be miserable.

From my own Apartments.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I ADMIRE the plan as well as the execution of the *Female Spy*. I hope that it may lead to more correct notions, and a better system respecting female education. The fabric of society is like a picture: in order to be a good picture, the colours and teints must be according to the nature of the object, its place, and the light in which it stands. So must the education of the different classes of society be determined by persons and circumstances. Although the variety of situations in which women are placed are as great, or perhaps greater, than those of men, yet in one thing they all resemble each other; they are all intended to become one day wives and mothers, from the duties of which situations no rank or condition can free the individual. Without drawing any invidious comparisons between

tween the relative capacities or strength of mind of men and women, I hesitate not to say, that the same studies are not fit for both; and that mathematics, astronomy, or metaphysics, are not calculated to make the mistress of a family happy, or those around her contented. Such studies will not well suit with the minute duties she has to perform, which are only rendered sufferable by that softness of temper, and attention to duty, that the abstruse sciences unfortunately do not tend to encourage. Politics, again, is a less abstruse study, but a much worse one, as it may very naturally lead to difference of opinion between man and wife; and, as many men are obliged to declare and adopt some opinion in politics, it is very fortunate where the wife has no decided contrary notions, which has often disturbed the peace of families; and as women have no political functions to perform, it is not necessary that they should have any decided opinions.

Much may be said about the *Rights of Women*, and much about the *Rights of Man*; but I conclude with the advice of Pythagoras to his fellow-citizens: "Beware of those who tell you of your rights, without telling you of your duties." I am, Sir, your constant reader,

BENEDICTUS.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. X.

Mirth, but not of meaner sort,
Rude, and vain indecent sport;
But chearful, social, friendly, kind,
Such as may improve the mind;
Where health and temperance may join,
And Virtue own the soft design.

ODE TO CHEARFULNESS.

Mr. Touchy,

SINCE my arrival here, I happened to join a party of male and female friends on a pleasing excursion, during which the feelings of the heart were uttered without

any particular restraint, and the innate qualities of the mind were displayed in their genuine purity.

Being somewhat of a contemplative disposition, the friendship of the party suffered me to enjoy the pleasures of the day with my usual taciturnity. The joy which was expressed on the countenance of every individual naturally enough turned my reflections to the hilarity of the company; while the different degrees of satisfaction which each seemed to enjoy, but more particularly the ladies, insensibly led me to consider the alliance between mirth and levity, which terminated in a few reflections on that agreeable cheerfulness which I beg leave to recommend to my Fair Countrywomen. Oh! Cheerfulness, how amiable and powerful art thou! Thy prevalence, gliding secretly to the heart, allays the emotions of sorrow, smoothes every asperity, and by an irresistible power engages the affections of all who come within its influence.

Mankind has been frequently divided into two parts,---the merry and the serious; qualities certainly amiable, so long as their respective possessors prevent the one from degenerating into levity, and the other into peevishness.

As vivacity is the distinguishing characteristic of our females, they seemed naturally included in the happy society of cheerful mortals;

> For women (born to be controll'd)
> Stoop to the forward and the bold;
> Affect the haughty and the proud,
> The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
>
> WALLER.

Mirth has such a propensity to levity, as frequently to betray us into the greatest degree of folly, insomuch that we become not only ridiculous in ourselves, but noxious to our associates. "Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind," is a precept we should bear in perpetual remembrance, as the lively conversation of a few agreeable companions is such an incentive to levity.

vity. In the morn of life, while yet strangers to the misfortunes and cares of the world, we readily indulge in the gaieties of youth, till the fancy, irritated by a variety of ludicrous, and not unfrequently unknown, ideas (allowing the expression), excites a risible impulse, which requires our utmost exertions to suppress. Myrtilla is a beautiful young lady, and naturally possessed of many amiable qualities; to a cultivated understanding she adds a thorough knowledge of elegant literature, and a disposition hardly to be ruffled under the most provoking circumstances. Leander was introduced to her when she was under the influence of one of her serious humours. Her beauty and good sense won his affections, and he thought her, as in those rare moments she really is, one of the most accomplished females he had ever beheld. His addresses were encouraged; but, mark the event,---she forfeited through imprudence what she had gained by perfection; and almost in one moment lost a truly amiable, I may say, husband, and five thousand a year.---I shall not trespass on the understandings of your Fair Readers by dwelling on the disgust which mirth, if suffered to degenerate into levity, always excites, from which every sensible person must turn with superlative contempt. I would, therefore, only caution the ladies not to violate that modesty of deportment which is not only natural and becoming, but absolutely essential in the sex.

Hence it is indispensably necessary that we keep a strict watch over this particular bias, and endeavour to restrain it within due bounds; should our efforts prove successful, an agreeable cheerfulness spontaneously presents itself---a cheerfulness which must naturally engender esteem from all who come within its influence, since it partakes of the beautiful in each, and is composed of an innocent vivacity tempered with a prudent decorum: every complexion should be adorned with it, for to every charm it would give additional lustre. An habitual cheerfulness composes the mind, elates the heart, and renders us pleasing to those

with whom we converse;---"It is like a sudden sunshine," says the Spectator, "that awakens a secret delight in the mind without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it."

When I enjoy the company of a young creature whose features glow with cheerfulness, and whose conversation is tinctured with the occasional sallies of good-humour; when the mind's index bespeaks a disposition free from spleen, ill-nature, a stranger to every species of guilt; and whose countenance seems to beam forth gratitude to Heaven for the benefits which an indulging Providence is every where so numerously dispensing, I consider her external elegance of person, if these inexpressible charms are accompanied with beauty, but as a flower which blooms in spring, and dies away in autumn; while the permanent graces of cheerfulness impress the idea of the most delicious fruit succeeding the short-lived blossoms; and I cannot help inwardly exclaiming with the Orientalist, "Happy the man that shall make her his wife; happy the child who shall call her mother."

Cheerfulness should, methinks, be more particularly attended to in the education of our females, since it would oppose, and elevate the heart above that natural despondency, that species of melancholy bordering upon sentiment, so predominant in youth. I would not be understood as stoically censuring that amiableness with which Milton in his incomparable poem characterizes our general mother, "For softness she, and sweet attractive grace." No! 'tis that affected sensibility which has proved fatal to thousands---oh! God, to thousands of the sex: a subject more than once scientifically treated on in some preceding numbers of THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

If we place this amiable disposition of mind in a more serious view, we shall find it an indispensable duty which we owe to the great Author of Nature---to acquiesce and submit

submit with a cheerful serenity to all his dispensations; to resign ourselves with a perfect submission to his unerring wisdom.

"Good when he gives, supremely good;
"Nor less when he denies:
"Ev'n crosses, from his sovereign hand,
"Are blessings in disguise."

Thus cheerfulness is a religious injunction, as well as a moral obligation; and happy is that person who can exclaim with Mrs. Rowe——

Whatever various turns my life shall see,
Of downy peace, or hard adversity;
Let smiling suns shine on my prosperous ways,
Or low'ring clouds obscure my gloomy days;
The praises of my God shall still employ
My tongue, and give my thoughts perpetual joy.

I hope, Sir, your Fair Readers will pay a more than ordinary attention to this Paper, since it may not only secure them from the censure of an inquisitive and impertinent Inspector, but also be a means of gaining them desirable companions; for what can more effectually engage our affections than an innocent and agreeable female diffusing this cheerfulness through conversation? A frame of mind, therefore, than which none ought to be more assiduously cultivated, since none can be more delightful or more amiable, none can more enchantingly captivate by irresistible attraction, or more successfully interest us in behalf of that good-humoured female who prepossesses us so favourably. I have the honour to be,

Sir, Your's, &c.

A Member of the Inspection Club.

P. S. As you have a knowledge of the character, it is not necessary to prefix a signature, or my present residence;

as it would but give my female neighbours an opportunity of being more circumspect, some of whom I hope shortly to catch napping.

TOM TOUCHY, *Inspector.*
Stockton upon Tees. J. SCRIBLERIUS, *Secretary.*

MODESTY: A RHAPSODY.

"WRETCHED, wretched outcast! where shall I betake myself? where fly for protection? Deprived of the society I have always delighted in, and driven from the presence of those I was entitled to make every claim upon, not merely from the affection which was my due for my long and faithful attachment to them, but gratitude, and even interest, was engaged in my cause; but, alas! pleaded it in vain. Ingratitude, how sharp and deep thou woundest!---it is hard to bear thy pangs with equanimity. Was it for this, oh! ye fair ones, I dressed your faces in the downcast blushes of innocence, your mouths with the smiles of ingenuousness and candor, and gave such irresistible grace to every sentiment you uttered, that even those whose lives were in direct opposition to my precepts revered you for your attachment to me, and in your presence bowed with submission to my dictates?---If you would but listen to me, how would I entreat you to reflect, ere it is too late, on the consequences of your conduct to me! Your ingratitude to me will too certainly recoil on yourselves; for those who were most anxious for my dismission will have the most contemptible opinion of you for your compliance with their wishes."

"What unfortunate being," thought I, "can be making this extraordinary soliloquy."---I threw down the book I had been reading, and immediately went to a door in my garden which opened into a lane whence the voice proceeded: a lovely female met my inquisitive search, superior to any being I had ever seen; her form was modelled to the

the most perfect symmetry; her countenance, even in the midst of the utmost distress, shone with a radiance that made her appear almost divine; her dress was neat, arranged with great elegance of taste, propriety, and decency; of course, utterly devoid of caprice. I stood earnestly gazing with mute astonishment, when, raising her eyes, and observing my attention, she arose, and with a graceful bend was passing on.

"Stay, I entreat you," said I; "I cannot part with you so; I undesignedly heard your complaints, and you must permit me to offer you some assistance."

While I was speaking, I drew out my purse: she gently refused my offered present.

"I thank you for your intended generosity: to numbers it may be the means of bestowing happiness; to me it will be entirely useless, as you will find on hearing my little history."

We seated ourselves on a flowery bank, when she began thus:——

"I was born the child of a most respectable family, noble, antient, illustrious, and honourable, not from riches, but from numberless virtues duly practised: till within this short time, I have ever held the rank and estimation in society that I was ordained to in the Court of Virtue,---the guardian angel of the Fair Sex. I was a constant attendant on them in public, and their monitress in private; was distinguished, honoured, and caressed; but now, alas! the scene is changed: I am ridiculed by the great, stared and pointed at by the middle classes, and, if I descend to the poorer class, am accused by them of being the cause of their poverty."

"I truly sympathize with you in your distress," said I, "and will cheerfully intercede with your friends for your return."

"Intercession will be in vain; MODESTY can never be a forced companion!"---Modesty is become a wanderer and fugitive upon the earth. O, Tempora!--- O, Mores!

MARIA MANLY.

THE

THE INHABITANTS OF THE PARSONAGE.

[From "Old Nick, a Satirical Story," just published.]

THE longer Barclay lived with his friends, the more he esteemed the mildness and charity of the Parson, the more he loved the amiability and beauty of Penelope, and the more he pitied the extravagance and weakness of Mrs. Pawlet. In the Parson there was nothing that did not demand his admiration. Indefatigable in his benevolent exertions in favour of the poor, the sick, and the oppressed, he lived without an enemy---loving all, and by all beloved. By the perpetual and disinterested exercise of all the social charities of our nature, he dignified his being with almost all the perfection of which it is susceptible; since, to do good as if from a natural impulse, and without any regard to self-advantage, is to come as near the Deity as can be expected in our frail state; for so does God himself. The little crosses and misfortunes of life which merely concerned Mrs. Pawlet, never disturbed the equability of his temper, for, to use the language of Spenser,

He gently took all that ungently came.

In Penelope he beheld every thing that was lovely, every thing that could engage the mind, and win the heart. The constant companion of the Parson in all his benevolent excursions, she was the beauteous handmaid of charity: mild, but not spiritless; gay, but not unfeeling; beautiful, but unaffected; endowed with a thousand graces of mind and body, but unconscious of possessing them, Penelope was even loved by her own sex, whose envy soon lost itself in their admiration and esteem.

In Mrs. Pawlet he saw nothing that did not excite his pity, although he was often irresistibly compelled to smile at the strange follies her mistaken education led her to commit. By her fall she received a few bruises of no consequence,

quence, and she would soon have recovered every ill effect of the accident, if she had not had recourse to her medical knowledge, and clearly proved herself to be no physician, by physicking herself with inward and outward applications, which, for some time, made her really and truly as sick as she had thought herself. Her whims were infinite. Whatever she read about, however absurd, or unnecessary, she would instantly put in practice. Shortly after this affair, she saw, in some treatise on optics, that the eyes were preserved by glasses; and, instantly pretending that she could not see without, ordered several pairs of spectacles, which she wore for a long while:—then she would smoke, because some of the learned were partial to a pipe; and, whenever she was caught in a shower, she would never run, because, she said, it was inimical to the dignity of the creature: and, one day, the servant being sent to call her out of the garden to dinner, returned in great consternation, saying, "He believed she was either in a fit, or dead, for that she was lying all along upon her back, without motion." They ran out, greatly alarmed, and found her in the same situation the servant had left her, from which she begged not to be disturbed, as she was taking the height of an elm tree. "You see that stick standing in the ground, at my feet," said she; "well, when my eye, as I lie on my back, is, as it is at this moment, in a line with the head of the stick and the top of the tree, then from the stick to the base of the elm is just its height. Let's see," continued she, rising, and measuring the distance with a rule. "Ah, forty-three feet, twelve inches, and a half!"

"Bless me!" cried the Parson, "do come to dinner, for Heaven's sake!"

To repeat all her vagaries would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that she was every day what the reader has hitherto found her. Though the Polyglott went on but slowly, yet Mrs. Pawlet was very well pleased with our hero, whose modesty and silence before her, unless when an oppor-

oportunity offered to distinguish himself, gave her the highest opinion of his wisdom and learning.

During the time the old lady was physicking herself, Barclay had more liberty; and, being now on familiar terms with Penelope, he was almost constantly with her, under pretence of instructing her in the art of drawing; and the merchant, stealing from home, would now often come to the parsonage to enjoy our hero's company, and, in the course of the evening, play a rubber at whist. Frequently Barclay and Penelope were *partners*---happy partners! With them there was no complaining of "you played that card badly," or "you ought to have done this," or "you ought to have done that;" they were content to lose or win, so they lost or won together! The merchant on these occasions, being free from his family, shook off much of the gloom and melancholy that hung about him, owing to ennui, arising from a want of pleasurable resources within himself. His conversations with Barclay were of a serious nature, and, though they were consoling to him, would not be entertaining to readers of such works as the present; therefore I shall not relate them.

Our hero, if he had possessed no other, would have had a great advantage over his friend Keppel, by living continually with Penelope. In love there are many things that are very agreeable to women (which I believe nobody will dispute); but I think I may confidently assert, that *attention* is more grateful to them than any thing else:---it is this wins their love; it is this preserves it. Does a married woman complain of her husband, all her complaints are comprised in his want of attention. Do you see a beautiful woman wedded to a very ordinary man, or one preferring a plain man to a Narcissus, rely upon it that attention has prevailed. The "'vantage ground" that it gave Barclay over Von Hein may then be easily imagined. He was, however, both happy and unhappy. Happy in the company of Penelope, because he thought he saw that she

she loved him; and unhappy when his mind dwelt on his friend, because, at best, he felt himself obliged to act an ungrateful part. Deceiving himself, however, with his hopes, he yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the present. This was wisdom; few are wise enough to enjoy the present, but, looking forward in imagination to future pleasures, neglect those within their reach for such as time will never realize.

In their drawings, Penelope and Barclay would sometimes indulge in harmless caricatures; such as depicting an English woman in the extreme of the fashion, and by her side a Chinese in the gayest costume of her country. They would then entertain each other by their doubts which was the most preposterous, or ridiculous; concluding that, at any rate, the one was as laughable an object for the Chinese, as the Chinese was for the other. In all his conversations with Penelope, except now and then on the subject of love, when it may be dispensed with, Barclay constantly addressed himself to her understanding. Indeed, it was his opinion, and I think it just, that a man in courting a woman should not always talk frivolously to her, for, if she has any sense, she must conceive it an insult;---on the contrary, to talk rationally to a female, in some degree argues sense in her, and is consequently a compliment. They were now upon such intimate terms, that they would occasionally have their little momentary quarrels. Penelope was full of spirits and vivacity, which would sometimes cross Barclay in his tender fits, and cause him to accuse her of cruelty.

"But," he would say, "so it is throughout Nature. The sweetest things are not without their obdurate qualities:---even honey, we are told, contains iron;* and thus I account for the least sign of cruelty in Penelope."

* M. Lemery discovered that honey, in virtue of its vegetable nature, contains iron.

At

At this period nothing interrupted Barclay's felicity but Keppel's letters, and the task of answering them. One day, when they had finished drawing, Barclay said he was going to write to his friend, and begged, with an inquiring look, to know what he should say from Penelope.

"From me!" said she, hesitating.

"Yes," replied Barclay; "I have constantly read you Keppel's kind remembrances, and you never tell me any thing to say in return!"

"Oh!" cried she, recovering herself, "Mr. Pawlet does that for me!"

"But, as my friend requests it," continued Barclay, "why should not I be honoured, sometimes, with what you have to tell him?"

"And do you really wish," said Penelope, looking archly at him; "do you really wish me to tell you some kind thing to write to Mr. Von Hein?"

Barclay looked at her, but made no other reply.

"Ay, well you may be dumb," she cried; "for 'tis all your fault that poor Mr. Von Hein is to have nothing kind said to him."

"My fault!" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, your fault," she repeated, smiling. "Do you not tell me that he desired you to intercede for him, and to guard my heart until he comes? A pretty watchman you are, truly, to steal the fruit you were appointed to protect!"

"Lovely girl!" cried Barclay, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips; "I have not stolen your heart, but exchanged mine for it."

"Well, then," said she, drawing her hand away, and running to the door, "since you acknowledge you have got my heart, I leave you to consult it about what you are to write to your friend.—If it is as true a heart as it was when I had it, it will not tell you a falsehood."

With this she left the room.

"Happy,

"Happy, miserable man, that I am!" exclaimed Barclay. "Penelope! Keppel! oh! that love and friendship should, like bitterest enemies, conspire against my happiness. To have found such a woman, and such a man; such true love, and such unfeigned friendship; and yet find in them the cause of misery, is grievous, is calamitous, indeed!"

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXII.

LADY Grace Gethin was the daughter of Sir George Norton, of Abbots-Langley, Somersetshire, Knight and Baronet, and of Frances, his wife; and wife of Sir Richard Gethin, of Gethin-Grott in Ireland, Baronet; and born 1676.

Her mother, a lady of great piety and uncommon abilities, observing in her daughter a capacity that might be greatly improved, gave her all the advantages of a liberal education; and the quick and early advances she made in knowledge were an ample recompence for all the care and pains bestowed upon her. She soon discerned that true christian virtue is the most amiable accomplishment that can dignify our nature; and that the best use we can make of a superior understanding, is to acquire further degrees of real goodness: and so great was her application to this one point, as could be equalled only by her high attainments in divine knowledge. Dr. Birch, in his Anniversary Sermon on her death, observes, that to these her acquired abilities were joined a natural probity of temper, a meek and candid behaviour, a remarkable justice and charity of action, and, above all, a sober and unaffected piety; which are but a part of her happy character. Her reading and observations were extraordinary, considering her years; for she had considered and resolved on the human passions with an unusual penetration and accuracy of judgment;

and had laid such a substantial foundation for her conduct in life, as would have made her a shining example of every christian virtue; highly useful to all her acquaintance, and extremely agreeable to all such as were worthy of it. They could not have failed to have received both benefit and delight from these virtues, which in her writing she has recommended with such forcible arguments, and adorned with such beautiful images; but Providence thought proper to deprive the world of this advantage very soon. And yet all this goodness, and all this excellence, was bounded within the compass of twenty years; for no longer was she allowed to live among us. She was snatched out of the world almost as soon as she had made her appearance in it; like a jewel of high price, just shown us a little, then put up again; and her acquaintance were deprived of her by that time they had learned to value her: but she had learned betimes how to die, and to know what estimate to make of this flattering and inconstant world; which made her without the least reluctance surrender her soul to God who gave it, October 11, 1697, in the twenty-first year of her age; and was buried in Westminster Abbey; on the south side of which is erected, to her memory, a beautiful monument of black and white, and white veined marble, of the Ionic order, adorned with the statue of a lady in full proportion, in a kneeling posture (in her right hand a book, the left on her breast), between two angels, one offering her a crown, the other a chaplet, on which is engraved the following inscription:

"To the pious memory of Dame Grace Gethin, wife of Sir Richard Gethin, of Gethin-Grott in Ireland, Baronet, daughter of Sir George Norton, and grand-daughter of Sir George Norton, Knights; and great grand-daughter of Sir William Owen of Salop, Sir Thomas Freak of Dorset, and Sir Thomas Culpeper of Kent, Knights; who, being adorned with all the graces of mind and body, crowned them all with exemplary patience and humility; and having

ing the day before her death most devoutly received the holy communion, which she said she would not have omitted for ten thousand worlds, she plainly evinced her sure and certain hope of her future bliss: and thus continuing sensible to the last, she resigned her pious soul to God, in fervent transports of spiritual joy and comfort, for her near approach to heavenly glory. Obiit 11th of October, in the year of her age twenty-one, of our Lord 1697.

"Her dear and disconsolate parents, for a lasting memorial of this her godly and blessed end, have erected this monument, she being the last of their issue."

She wrote, and left behind her in loose papers, a work, which soon after her death was methodized, and published with the following title: "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ; or some Remains of the most ingenious and excellent Lady Grace, Lady Gethin, lately deceased. Being a Collection of choice Discourses, pleasant Apothegms, and witty Sentences. Written by her, for the most part, by way of essay, and at spare hours." London, 1700, 4to. with her picture before it. This work consisted of ingenious discourses on Friendship, Love, Gratitude, Death, Speech, Lying, Idleness, of the World, Secrecy, Prosperity and Adversity, of Children, Cowards, bad Poets, Indifferency, Censoriousness, Revenge, Boldness, of Youth and Age, Custom, Charity, Reading, Beauty, Flattery, Riches, of Honour and High Places, of Pleasure, Suspicion, Excuses, and, lastly, Miscellanies.

Among Mr. Congreve's poems are to be found, "Verses to the Memory of Grace Lady Gethin, occasioned by reading her Book, entitled, Reliquiæ Gethinianæ;" in which that agreeable poet, after speaking of the shortness of life, and the difficulties of attaining knowledge, proceeds thus:

Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds
With strict attention what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question, who
So very long could live so much to know?
For so compleat the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years,
And both improv'd by purest wit to reach
At all that study, or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost opening page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows?

For perpetuating her memory, provision was made for a sermon to be preached in Westminster Abbey, annually, on Ash Wednesday, for ever.

Her book (Reliquiæ) being very scarce and difficult to be procured, the following extracts from it may properly be produced as a specimen of the author's abilities and manners.

Her notions of friendship are as follows. "Friendship," says she, "is the allay of sorrow, the ease of our passion, the discharge of our oppression, the sanctuary to our calamities, the counsellor of our doubts, the charity of our minds, the remission of our thoughts, and the improvement of whatever we meditate. Virtue, learning, and abilities, may be despised; only friendship is known to be so useful and profitable, that none can despise it.

"He that doth a base thing in zeal to his friend, burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together. The greatest bond and demonstration of real friendship is to chuse to have his friend advanced in honour, in reputation, in opinion of wit and learning, before himself: certainly, friendship is the greatest bond in the world, which is the marriage of souls; it hath no other measures but its own, being itself as great as can be expressed. Beyond death it cannot go, to death it may; friendship being the greatest

greatest bravery and ingenuity in the world: he is to be chosen my friend, who is most worthy and most good to me. Chuse to your friend him that is wise, good, secret, ingenious, and honest; all which are the very food of friendship."

Her abhorrence of lying she expresses in the following terms. "A man that lieth is an hector towards God, and a coward towards man; for a lie faces God, and shrinks from men. No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the advantage ground of truth; an hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene. A lie serves for dissimulation, for perfidiousness, and almost all crimes. To lie for nothing is foolish, and to lie for interest is a great fault. There is nothing so contrary to the Godhead as lying, for truth is his inseparable attribute."

What were her sentiments in regard to learning, and the advantages resulting therefrom, will appear from what follows.

"Reading," says she, "serves for delight, for ornament, and for ability; it perfects nature, and is perfected by experience: the crafty condemn it, simple admire it, and wise men use it. Some books are to be tasted or swallowed, and some few to be chewed or digested. Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. He that writes little, needs a great memory; he that confers little, a present wit; and he that reads little, needs much cunning to make him seem to know that which he does not. History makes men wise; Poetry witty, Mathematics subtile, Philosophy deep, Morals grave, Logic and Rhetoric able to contend; nay, there is no impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit study, where every defect of the mind hath its proper respect.

"To have Death easy, think of that glorious life that follows it; we can endure pain for health, much more for glory: how many crowns and sceptres lie

heaped up at the gate of Death? Have we so often seen our friend's, and should we shrink at our own change? Hath our Maker and Redeemer sent for us, and are we loth to go to Him, who will put us in possession of a glorious inheritance? 'Twas for us our Saviour triumphed over Death:---is there any fear of a foiled adversary? He that lives christianly, dies boldly: he that lives miserably, dies willingly: he that knows Death, and foresees glory, dies cheerfully and triumphantly."

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

REFLECTIONS ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN.

GIRLS should be accustomed to more precaution and prudence than boys, and their prudence ought to be the result of the experience of others. In them the least imprudence has often been the cause of the most dreadful consequences, as they have no resource upon which to draw for the reparation of their errors. A woman generally risques less by not acting, than by deciding with precipitation; her prudence, therefore, should be more circumspect than that of men; and the apothegm of the oriental monarch is singularly applicable to the sex.*

The most trifling things which might render young women confident in their fortune should be avoided; they ought to be taught never to rely upon their prudence, and never to expect that chance will serve them. Another essential part of the prudence of the sex is an indifference to argumentative conversation. They who fail in this quality, and are not mistresses of themselves in company, often make a dangerous or disagreeable use of their understanding: every thing connected with disputation sits awkwardly

* "Do not undertake any thing of which you have not well examined all the consequences." ARABIAN TALES.

upon

upon them. We find that Calphurnia, who pleaded causes in person before the Roman Senate, grew so peevish and tiresome, that her example was the cause of a law to prohibit women from pleading in person.

In all matters of taste, in all cases where they are called upon to choose and select, young women should be encouraged to reason upon their sentiments. It has been said by some, that taste never reasons: this maxim is as pernicious as it is false. If young women would reason a little more upon their preferences and their aversions, we should see fewer affairs of gallantry, and more marriages of inclination. Parents must not expect that their daughters will learn to reason by inspiration, and at the very moment when they shall be put to the proof. Their prudence ought to be early formed and acquired; for the decisions the most important to the happiness of a woman through her whole life are frequently made at an age when even men are far from being yet called to similar proofs.

Economy is a virtue highly essential to woman, and the contrary fault often owes its origin to too much indulgence in the fancies of the toilette. The habit of expending large sums upon gew-gaws becomes frequently so strong, as to produce pecuniary distress through their whole lives.--- When the celebrated Cuzzona, reduced to extreme poverty, received three hundred and fifty livres sterling, the amount of a subscription made by her former admirers, she immediately set apart two hundred livres of it for the purchase of fashionable bonnets. It is for mothers to instruct their daughters, by example, to prefer what is durable and useful to what has only the merit of fancy, and owes all its value to whim and caprice.

It is not only in the use of her money a young lady's economy should be exercised; it finds an habitual application in the care which she takes of the articles of her toilette: this care is a most important part of her education. A young lady should be charged with the support of her wardrobe, and keeping every thing belonging to it in order: when

when she fails in it, she suffers the consequences. This is the natural punishment for such negligence, and no other should be inflicted. As order is the basis of economy, young women should be indulged with all the conveniencies which facilitate it: they should have all their little utensils, and a sufficient and commodious place in which to keep them arranged. In general, the first habits have an astonishing influence upon this point, as on every other. It is of more importance than one would think to accustom young women to be careful of their apparel, and not to despise even their old clothes. We have heard of a Nobleman who had these words written upon the door of his kitchen:——"*Sufficient, but not too much.*"---Such should be the device of those wealthy parents who have it at heart to form their children to the practice of a prudent economy.

REMARKS ON BREATHING.

[From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia," just published.]

BREATHING is that alternate contraction and expansion of the lungs and breast, by which animals inspire and expire the surrounding atmosphere; a process essentially necessary to the support of life. From the moment a child enters the world, the air penetrates into its lungs, which were previously filled with a watery mucus, but are then opened for the circulation of the blood. Thus respiration, one of the primary and most important of the vital functions, commences with birth, and is incessantly active; as it cannot be interrupted for many minutes, without endangering the life of the individual.

There have, indeed, been instances of persons wantonly endeavouring to restrain the act of breathing, nay, even to check the pulsation of the arteries, so as to exhibit a specimen of apparent death, for several minutes. We still remember the account of such a hazardous experiment, related

lated by a most respectable professor in the University of Edinburgh, who informed his pupils, that a man possessing the talent here alluded to, at length paid the price of his life, by remaining, in one of his exhibitions, a fatal example of his temerity.

More frequent, however, though not so immediately dangerous, are the instances in which persons, in other respects sensible, unthinkingly expose themselves to situations where they must necessarily breathe the most vitiated and pernicious atmosphere. Such is the case in all public assemblies, which are confined in narrow limits, particularly in theatres and other places of amusement, to which numbers of spectators indiscriminately resort, and where each individual is obliged to respire part of the aggregate mephitic vapours of the company. Far from wishing to discourage the frequenting of those fashionable places of resort, in general, we only think it our duty to warn such invalids as are liable to asthmatic or pulmonary complaints against a too free indulgence in these enticing amusements. Indeed, we are convinced, by numerous facts, of their deleterious influence; and if any person be disposed to doubt the propriety of this caution, let him reflect on the dreadful effects frequently produced by shutting up five or six passengers in a stage-coach, only during a short space of time; and he will acknowledge that our admonition is well founded. Hence we would advise those who lead a studious or sedentary life never to continue for several hours together in a close, and perhaps low, apartment, where they admit the same air to re-enter the lungs, which has before been respired, and has become, at length, totally unfit for supplying the vital principle. Thus they deprive themselves of the most beneficial cordial of life, namely, *fresh air*, and exhaust the source of vitality as much in one hour, as was, perhaps, destined by Nature for the support of weeks, or even months. Instead of following such an irrational practice, they ought either to remove to another atmosphere, or to open the window or door, to admit

admit a supply of pure air, rather than to destroy themselves by an obstinate or indolent perseverance in their former habit.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IN reading your Magazine, I see, with particular pleasure, that you have selected women of eminent characters and talents for the imitation of the younger part of your readers; but I must also observe, that some are introduced who may excite admiration, but are not entitled to respect. In this class is the late Mrs. Robinson: her beauty enchants---her wit delights; and I am ready to allow her many excellencies: but she was deficient in her chief duties. Without religion no character is estimable; and was not this lady an adulteress? It is said, that she was unspotted when she went on the Stage. Let her seducer tremble. I execrate the wretch who planted sorrow in her bosom, but I cannot join in the cry against her creditors; for, what right had she to revel in luxury at the expense of others? Let every one think of Lord Hardwicke's maxim:——"Be just, before you are generous."

The Writer of this Letter hopes that the Editor will have the impartiality to insert it as a caution to young women against being dazzled with false splendors, but seriously consider, that for all the talents entrusted with them they must hereafter be accountable. Where much is given, much will be required; and let them study what will produce peace at their last hours.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

ELIZABETH.

To

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

ON looking into your entertaining MUSEUM for September last, and observing a Letter signed the Occasional Inspector, and as it has been a subject of much controversy, I cannot myself help casting a few animadversions on the same point. It is certainly a disgrace, and a very great one to this country, that so many of those *effeminate beings* are employed in that capacity, such as serving a yard of riband, when it ought to be the province of a female, whose situation in life extends to so few employments; and those enemies to the females might be better engaged. How can we wonder that we see so much prostitution when those vipers are patronised by our ladies of quality? But a well known haberdasher in Cheapside observes, that if he were to employ women, his shop would be but little frequented, unless it was general. Therefore, if the Occasional Inspector's tax was to be imposed upon the keepers of those shops, we should once more see Virtue budding afresh, and Vice fading at her approach.

W. CR—S—E.

12, Hatton Garden, April, 1801.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THERE is an old adage that I remember ever since I was a boy, which, though not very elegant, is very expressive, namely, "Give a dog an ill name, and hang him;" yet I am inclined to think, that even amongst those who are stigmatized by this appellation, the liberal minded would be able to find something to admire; but the truth is, Sir, we delight in detraction, from an idea that the faults we censure we cannot be supposed to possess. Now,

for

for my part, I am one of those who delight in supporting the injured, and have brought many an oppressed character into esteem: but nothing provokes me like hearing a whole country condemned for the vices which may be attached to a few.

You must know, Mr. Editor, that myself and a messmate spent the evening with an old acquaintance, who resides in P——n Square; and though there was great ceremony observed from the gentleman to the lady, I thought there was an air of constraint in his address, and that he appeared more anxious to display good breeding, than he was to show affection to his wife.

When the entertainment was over, which, though fine, was unsatisfactory, on our return, I gave this opinion to my friend, who told me, notwithstanding that overstrained civility, the fellow treated his wife as bad as any Turk.

"A Turk!" I replied, with some degree of acrimony. "Do you suppose all Turks incapable of treating women well?"

"Yes," rejoined my friend, "that is my opinion; for the superiority of the husband is a part of their creed."

Now, Mr. Editor, as I am an admirer of the ladies, and like to see a man behave with tenderness towards his wife, I will relate a circumstance that occurred about two-and twenty years ago, when my ship was lying at anchor in the Grand Turk's port. This affectionate husband, whose name was Abdoul Hamet, was then near sixty years of age, and possessed that kind of benevolent countenance which never fails to prepossess and please. Though the Turks are allowed a plurality of wives, yet the Grand Seignior wholly attaches himself to one, who, during the time of our ship's remaining in harbour, happened to be pregnant of her fourth child: in consequence of which, not one of the vessels were suffered to fire a single gun, nor was the bell permitted to strike, or the word of command given in a loud tone; and this by the order of the Grand Seignior, for fear of alarming

alarming the object of his love. Permit me, then, Sir, to ask the simple question, whether the gentleman in P——n Square bears any resemblance to a Turk?

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

An honest British Tar.

ON THE ADVANTAGES WHICH ARE ATTACHED TO THE MIDDLE STATION OF LIFE.

THE possession of rank, and the acquirement of fortune, are such prevailing objects in the present age, that we even see mothers sacrificing their children's happiness, and purchasing their elevation, at the expense of their ease. How many poor girls, scarce out of the nursery, who were totally ignorant of the station in which they were going to engage, have had their future lives rendered wretched and uncomfortable, by being united to decrepitude, jealousy, or age.

What compensation can the ambitious parent make to the unfortunate child for the destruction of her peace? Will a splendid equipage, or an empty title, bestow happiness upon a mind that pines with secret grief?

Though dissipation may by some be thought an equivolent for the total inexperience of domestic joys, yet how infinitely inferior are the pleasures it produces to those which arise from a union of hearts. Those who inlist under the banner of Fashion, may, in reality, be termed her slaves, for they are compelled to follow the path she leads them, or at once resign all pretensions to the name.

How often do we see a crouded drawing-room, without being able to discover one happy face: the simper of civility may supply the place of cheerfulness, but at the same time shews a vacuum at the heart. Those visits of form, of which every one complains, yet to which they are forced

to accede, are incapable of affording any portion of that pleasure which a friendly association never fails to impart.

People of fashion, once admitted to this honourable title, form a little world of their own, and soon learn to look down upon all other beings, as if they were formed of a different race. It may not, then, be thought an improper question, to enquire in what their superiority consists? It cannot arise from parts or learning, for their ignorance is often veiled under the cloak of conceit; neither does it consist in the practice of virtue, for too many are known to be the pupils of vice. What, then, can be the attractive magnet that induces a fashionable parent to sacrifice her daughter's peace, and, instead of considering principle and probity essential in a husband, to be only anxious to ascertain whether he is in the possession of honours or wealth?

A liberal mind, a good education, and an income that can procure the comforts of life, every parent ought to prefer to the most splendid alliance, unless likely to promote the happiness of their child; for it is not to be doubted, that real felicity is generally attached to the middle ranks of life.

All the useful and amiable qualities which sweeten private and domestic life, the votaries of Fashion endeavour to annihilate, by loading them with censure, or degrading them by abuse: conjugal attachment, filial duty, sincere friendship, and benevolent desires, are equally the objects of their ridicule, who are too vicious to relish such rational delights.

The expensive style in which young women of small fortunes are educated, may be assigned as a reason for the destruction of their peace; for, taught to substitute elegance in the place of usefulness, they often sacrifice their persons to please their taste; and a fine house and a splendid establishment has made many a girl wretched for life.

Instead of being encouraged in a pride of person, and those fashionable accomplishments without which no young

young woman can venture to appear, they should be taught to consider them merely as secondary considerations, whilst every care should be devoted to the improvement of the mind.

Youth is, doubtless, a season which requires amusement, but this should chiefly be selected from the natural kind; and a taste for gardening has been frequently productive of health to the body, and contentment to the mind. Could Nature have bestowed beauty on the foliage of a flower, but to amuse the eye that delighted in its shades? And can we behold her works in the most minute article of vegetation, without finding our feelings animated or raised?

A fondness for those animals which Providence has placed around us, affords pleasing sensations to the mind of youth, and prepares it for the reception of those more refined sensations, with which, at a future period, it will be likely to expand.

But if the study of Nature is capable of affording entertainment and improvement to the youthful mind, how much more will it derive from the practice of benevolence towards those who are struggling with misfortune and distress. At every period charity is amiable, but it peculiarly adorns the season of youth; and the practice of that virtue will afford a higher gratification than they can ever derive from fashionable life.

TO THE HONOURABLE FREDERIC D———.

A Reply to the Letter which appeared in our last.

THE pathetic style of your last Letter,* my beloved brother, excited my sympathy, and called forth my grief. I lament the loss of the dear departed, for I am at once deprived both of sister and friend; but still more keenly do I regret the transformation which it seems to have produced upon a religious mind. Where, my dear

* See page 309.

Frederic, is that reliance upon the Almighty, of which you have so often made a boast?---or what is become of that sense of religion which has hitherto taught you submission to his will?

"The life of man," says a favourite Author,* whom we have often read together with improvement and delight, "has always been a very mixed state; full of uncertainty and vicissitude; of anxieties and fears; and hence, to a thoughtful mind, no study can appear more important than how to be suitably prepared for the misfortunes of life."

From these misfortunes, which humanity inherits, you, I am convinced, could not hope to be exempt; and you, who have experienced such refinement of felicity, ought to know that perfect happiness is but a transient gleam: but, deprived as you are of an inestimable treasure, which stoic apathy could not fail to regret, yet, does not Providence still pour down his blessings, and leave sources of enjoyment both in fortune and friends? Look round your domain, my beloved Frederic, and survey the effect of poverty and distress; see the wife bewailing the loss of her protector, on whom her infants and self depended for their bread; or see the husband bemoaning the object of his affection, whilst the cries of her offspring agonize his heart; and hear them loudly proclaiming the calls of hunger, whilst the earnings of his labour had been expended upon the sick! Scenes of this nature, my dearest brother, you have too frequently relieved not to know the satisfaction which such actions afford; and in contemplating the superior misfortunes of others, you will in time learn to be reconciled to your own.

The death of a beloved object is one of those evils which religion alone can alleviate and assuage; and on that soothing source of comfort and consolation, I trust, my dear Frederic will endeavour to depend. Reflect for a moment upon our friend M———'s misfortunes, who doted

* Dr. Blair.

to

to distraction upon his too-fascinating wife, yet beheld her forfeit all claim to virtue and principle, and break through laws both moral and divine.

Can the death of those we love and esteem be an equal misfortune to their deviation from right?---or is it not almost as severe a mortification to find neglect supply the place of tenderness and esteem?

Captain Sutherland, in his admired Tour to Constantinople, has entertained his readers with an affecting Sardinian tale, which at once proves the power of religion, and shows that few evils affect the mind equal to neglect. After describing his visit to a convent, and giving his opinion upon institutions of that kind, he tells us, that his attention was arrested by the youngest of the superiors; but I will give you her description in his own words.

"Lucilla appears scarcely thirty years of age; confinement has softened the colour of her cheek, and composed the lustre of her eye: her features are perfectly regular, and her countenance is animated by the cheerful glow of benevolence and virtue. With the gentleness of a saint, she possesses all the accomplishments of a woman of the world, and speaks a variety of languages with a voice harmoniously sweet. Early in life she engaged herself to Fernando, a young Nobleman, her equal in every respect: the hearts of this pair were already united, and the day was fixed for their nuptials to take place, when the sudden death of Fernando's father obliged him to pass over to the Continent, to pay the last duties of an affectionate son. Before his departure, he repeated those endearing vows of eternal constancy which both had given and received before; and each promised, at every opportunity, to write.

"Lucilla kept her word, and, when the time at which she expected an answer had expired, her mind was filled with anxious fears for her lover's safety. At length, by his friends, she heard, that he had arrived at Turin in perfect safety, and in health; and Lucilla, who expected to have received the first letter, was the only one that was

treated with silence and neglect. Too generous to be suspicious, she continued writing to Fernando in the most affectionate terms, making every excuse for not hearing; but entreating him, as he valued her affection, to write by every means; yet still the amiable girl had the cruel mortification of finding post after post arrive without a single line.

" At length, by accident, she had the distress to hear that Fernando was going to set out for Spain, with the intent of embarking for South America from thence. A thousand painful emotions seized her breast, and grief for her lover's unworthiness was not the least: her fate was then drawing to a crisis, and, as her last resource, she wrote the following letter.

' UNTIL I heard of your preparations for crossing the Atlantic, I attributed your silence to your confidence in my esteem, and in my unalterable attachment; and, when I reflected how long your indispensable concerns would engage you, I had almost persuaded myself to wish that you would not prolong your absence even by the time in which you would be writing to me: but what I have hitherto considered as an occasional slight, is now become an injury so cruel and inhuman, that, with all my prejudice in your favour, I have great difficulty to make myself believe that I am not entirely bereft of your affection. If you are capable of such inconstancy, I absolve you of your vows, and may Heaven forgive you: mine I shall ever keep sacred. If you deprive me of the power of fulfilling them, the Convent of St. Lucia is not far from me; and there will I for ever seclude myself from the world, and confirm how sincerely

' I am your's,

' LUCILLA.'

" This letter having only increased her disappointment, she some time after took the irrevocable vow, and exerted all

all her resolution to subdue her passion. Two years after she had taken the veil her guardian died, and in his last moments the wretch confessed that he had never forwarded any of the letters entrusted to him, and that he had kept those written by Fernando. He then pointed to a box where they were deposited, but death prevented him from discovering the motive for such treachery.

"Fernando's letters were in the same strain as Lucilla's: he frequently mentions that his friends in Spain had solicited him to accept one of the chief appointments in South America; but that he should think the whole world itself no recompense for being absent from his beloved Lucilla. In the last, he reminds her of her vows with the utmost delicacy and affection: he assures her, that all situations without her will be equally miserable to him, and conjures her, in the most passionate terms, no longer to trifle with his happiness; for he should be obliged to yield to the importunities of his friends, and accept their offered appointment, unless she would again make Sardinia a paradise to him, by an assurance of her constancy and love."

Lucilla was soon informed how cruelly she had been deceived: but, far from complaining of the hardness of her lot, seemed perfectly resigned to it, and in the knowledge of her lover's constancy soon regained the cheerfulness she had lost.

In the history of this charming woman's life, my dear Frederic, you will see a striking effect of religious power: do you, then, apply to the same all-soothing charm, and may you, like her, derive the same relief.---Adieu! my dear brother; and believe me, with tenderness,

Your affectionate sister, and sincere friend,

MATILDA.

EULOGY ON TIME.

FOR ages past the world has loaded Time with reproaches and invectives; he is treated as the universal destroyer; he is accused of overturning every thing, of ruining

ruining the most solid monuments, of bringing in his train old age and death; in fine, of covering the universe with ravages and ruins. We shall avenge this respectable old man of the injustice and the ingratitude of his detractors, by showing that, although he is the author of some inevitable evils, he knows how to compensate them amply by the numerous favours which he confers upon mankind.

Follow a man from his cradle to his tomb:---with Time he arrives at walking and speaking; with Time his limbs grow strong, and his organs develope themselves; with the assistance of Time he adorns his mind with every species of knowledge which can contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks- -the passions awake---increase in violence---rise to their summit---the tempest is formed; and, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, the Unfortunate rolls from rock to rock at the mercy of the enraged waves. In vain does reason present him its torch; the thickness of the clouds obscures its light, and this very guide, struck by the tempest, serves only to lead him astray by its frequent oscillations. Who, then, can appease the multitudinous waves?---who restores a calm, and at length conducts the shipwrecked mariner into a salutary port?——Time: he, alone, extinguishes the fire of desire, suppresses the fury of the passions, and brings back to the heart of man peace and happiness. Suppose his fortune unequal to his wants, and that he must labour; it is only with the assistance of Time that he can obtain the ease which he desires; it is Time which gradually makes known his merit, and, at length, opens to him the road to honours and lucrative employments.

Lelia complains that Time has withered her charms; but by how many kindnesses has he indemnified her for this loss? Love for an ingrate consumed her heart, and constituted the torment of her life; Time has destroyed the illusion, and restored peace to her mind. A cruel sickness undermined her health; all medicine was of no avail: Time alone has effected for her a perfect cure.

Cephisa.

Cephisa lost a beloved husband; her friends lavished their consolations upon her in vain: they only irritated her grief. Time came; his beneficent hand poured the balm of consolation into her afflicted heart; and Cephisa, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favour of the living, her native gaiety and charms.

Linval strove to please the young and agreeable Cidalise: in vain did he employ all the resources which nature and education gave him; his efforts were to no purpose.--- Linval had recourse to Time: Time softened the heart of his mistress, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was oppressed with debt; he came to a settlement with his creditors, who allowed him Time. Time brought about the death of a rich relative, to whom he was heir; Time amassed for him some savings; Time gave him a wealthy and beautiful widow for his wife, and Sainville paid his creditors.

With Time, we arrive at the end of all things; without Time, we can do nothing,——"I would gladly execute that business for you," says your friend, "but I have not Time."---Why has this Work so many faults? Because the author did not take due Time in its compilation.—— Why is this Eulogy on Time so short, when the subject is so capable of amplification? It is, because I have not Time to write more, and have a regard for the Time of its readers.

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

Absence.—HOW dear is my absence from you going to cost me! How tedious will the hours seem!

This signifies precisely, "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would be soon exhausted. I should have nothing new to say to you: when I see you again, you will like me the better."

Advances.---

Advances.---When these are made on the woman's side, they either suppose an excessive superiority, or an excessive love. A woman who has made advances, never remembers them without rage, unless she has reason to remember them with pleasure.

Afflict, Affliction.---By these words is commonly understood the effect upon our mind of some disagreeable object. It is only in the mouth or letters of a lover that they have little or no meaning.

Agitation.---Emotion: sentiments excited by the sight or conversation of a person one loves.----There are amorous, anxious, pleasing, timid agitations, which have all their different expressions, by looks, sighs, blushes, &c. but few are more significant than that of the fan managed properly.

Amiable.---Lovely: formerly denoted a person whose beauty and merit captivated all hearts. It is now in very common use, and applied, indifferently, to all whom we take for the objects of our fancy, vanity, or fulsome flattery.

Beau.---A common word to express a medley character of coxcomb and fop; one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding; as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the air of pedantry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

No fool can do any thing well.

None but a fool will make dress the business of his life.

A fool therefore can never dress well.

And this is so strictly true in fact, that there never was, nor probably ever will be, a beau well dressed.

This advantage can only be attained by the man of sense, far above either the weakness of making a point of his dress, or that of neglecting or even not consulting the proprieties of it to his age, character, fortune, or station.

Beauty.---Socrates called it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of Nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts

gifts of Nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations, all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definition of a modern author, who calls it,---" a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish."

Charms.---An harmonious word rather hackneyed; indifferently lavished; and signifies no more than attractions. The solid, substantial charms, in these times, are those in Lombard Street; or, to use Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's phrase, those which are stitched to the charmer's tail, whether bags, bills, bonds, parchments, &c.

Coquette.---One who wants to engage the men without engaging herself; whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable; though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing, of live coals, without receiving any damage from the fire: but, whatever may be their pretended insensibility, they have their critical moments as well as others.

Countenance.---A gay, smiling one, in a coquette, signifies encouragement; that she would be glad to enlist as many lovers as possible; that she would wish to see the men sacrifice her best friends to her; and that she keeps open a refuge for all deserters; that nothing but joy and mirth are to be found in her service; and that not to be in love with her, is to be one's own enemy, and defraud one's self of the pleasures of gaiety and unreserve. A cold, serious countenance in a mistress is an admirable expedient; when artfully employed, it leads to every thing, either a reconciliation or a rupture, just as she shall see fit. After a quarrel, it signifies that she will keep up the dignity of her sex, and give herself the pleasure of hearing her lover make new protestations. If this does not succeed, she may put on a

tender

tender countenance; but in this, the occasion, the humour of her lover, or her own passion, generally determines the difference.

Cruelty.---This expression does not so much signify the insensibility of a mistress, as the impatience of a lover.

Cupid.---The God of Love, born out of the poets' brains, who paint him a child with wings, a quiver on his shoulder, a bow in one hand, a torch in the other, and a bandage over his eyes; all which emblematically signify, that he is figured like a child, because those who deliver themselves up to love, part with their reason for the silliness of that age. His bow and arrows denote his power to wound and pierce; the bandage over his eyes, his blindness; the torch, a light he carries for others, and not himself; his wings, his inconstancy.---This allegorical personage is, however, entirely banished from prose, and is even scarcely suffered in the modern Parnassus, in any thing above a ballad to Lovely Sue, at the head of which one may still see a wooden cut of his figure.

Curiosity.---A desire of knowing whether one's wife or mistress is true to one. It is never a happy one. The author of Don Quixote has there inserted a novel, called "The Curious Impertinent," in confirmation of this assertion. He compares women in it to a glass, which no wise man will dash against the pavement to see whether it will break or not. Have you any doubts of a woman's faith, never seek to satisfy them; the least it will cost you is, the repentance of your curiosity. It is waking the sleeping lion: a woman may resent an unjust suspicion, and revenge it by giving it a foundation in fact. Distrust absolves faith.

Danglers.---An insipid tribe of triflers, with whom the women divert themselves, in perfect innocence, when they have nothing better to do. They are in a class of beings beneath their monkeys, parrots, and lap-dogs.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE VIRTUOUS FAIR.

FLAVIA was left to the care of her own fortune at the age of seventeen; her mother, knowing her innate virtue and solid principles, thought these her properest guardians:---she thought right. Flavia's beauty and fortune, which were both considerable, drew crowds of fluttering fops and fortune-hunting rakes to her shrine. The rakes imagined that so much youth and innocence could never resist their refined arts; the beaux depended upon the striking charms of their powdered paper-skulls. Had Flavia been so disposed, here was an ample field before her, in which she might have fully indulged the vanity of her age and sex, and coquetted away, at once, both her innocence and happiness. She, however, gave all these their answers as fast as they came, but with so much sweetness and sensibility, that she awed the rakes, and delighted the fools.

She was in her twentieth year, when first young Lovemore paid his addresses to her. This youth was of a very different complexion from any of her former humble servants; he loved her heartily for her beauty, but he loved her more for her good humour and good sense. He saw how completely happy the man must be who gained so rich a prize; and the bare thought of a possibility of losing her gave him more real uneasiness, while it lasted, than it is in the power of beauty alone to create: she perceived his merit, and observed how respectfully he admired her. As it was contrary to the goodness of her heart to keep any one in a state of suspense, she was no sooner assured of the equity of his intentions, than she made him both easy and happy, by giving her hand where her heart dictated. Those maxims, which preserved her in her youth, continued and increased her happiness in an advanced age.

Her husband is for ever extolling the darling of his heart, and expatiating on her virtues; indeed, every one that knows her admires her, and blessings flow from every tongue on the head of the good, the benevolent Flavia.

THE INSENSIBLE FAIR.

IN a City in the West of England lived the beautiful Elvira; the charms of her person were not more surprizing than was her indifference to all men; yet she cultivated a very intimate friendship with the charming Amanda. Notwithstanding Elvira's insensibility, she was not without lovers; particularly a Prebendary in the Cathedral of that City declared his passion, but was repulsed with the utmost scorn. He renewed his addresses;---she laughed at him, rated him, and exposed every thing he said in all companies, and even forgot the decency of good manners; till, at length, he quitted the City, to avoid the torment he suffered there.

A young gentleman of a great family, and heir to a great estate, just arrived from Cambridge, succeeded in the train of her admirers; he had every thing to recommend him, but nothing could make an impression on the cold Elvira: her slight he repaid with vows of constancy, and her contempt with a silent sigh, and the most affectionate look. The effects of her continued disregard was a deep despair, which brought on him a complication of disorders, of which he died; and she, by her seeming triumph, showed that she was as insensible of pity as she was of love.

An old rich merchant proposed himself as a husband, thinking that she would submit to the power of gold, though she would not to love; but he met with the same success as his predecessors had done: however, he had still leave to continue a formal visit, and, one day, took along with him his son, a young gentleman who had a commission in the army, who then said but little in her company; from which she formed a judgment of his wit, yet wished he had more. She saw him afterwards at the Assembly, and heard him talk, and with wit too, which gave her the more uneasiness, as the conversation did not turn on herself. At the next Assembly her friend Amanda was with her, and the Captain

Captain came up to them; and then she saw that he had gallantry, but it was for Amanda only. This Elvira could not bear; she was no longer indifferent---she was jealous.

From that time she grew reserved to her friend, and now looks on her as a rival; and is convinced that the thing which broke off their friendship was love. Amanda and the Captain, at length, are married: Elvira raves, and accuses her friend of ingratitude in robbing her of her lover; her body grows weak, her mind is disturbed, and she now finds that she is not insensible of love, but that it is too late. She lies in such misery, that they who thought nothing could sufficiently revenge her pride and insensibility, begin to think that Heaven has inflicted a punishment too severe.

SACHARISSA.

THE GUILLOTINE.

THIS machine, by which the unfortunate Louis XVI. suffered death, was first introduced in France by Mons. Guillotin, a Physician, and a Member of the National Assembly, in 1791, and is called by his name. In English, it is termed a maiden.

It was formerly used in the limits of the forest of Hardwicke, in Yorkshire, and the executions were generally at Halifax. Twenty-five criminals suffered by it in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the records before that time were lost. Twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650; after which, it is supposed that the privilege was no more respected. That machine is now destroyed; but there is one of the same kind in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton suffered.

Prints of machines of this kind are to be met with in many old books in various languages, even so early as 1510, but without any descriptions. One of them is represented in Holinshed's Chronicles: that of Halifax may be seen in the borders of the old maps of Yorkshire, particularly those of Mole, in 1720.

Guillotines are at present made use of for executions throughout all France, and criminals are there put to death in no other manner.

BON MOT.

THE Marechal of Toiras having made every necessary regulation for an approaching battle, an officer asked leave of absence, that he might go to receive his father's blessing, who, he said, was at the point of death. The Marechal, who suspected the cause of this retreat, answered him thus:——

"Go; honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be prolonged to thee."

School of Arts.

NO. XXX.

Modelling in Wax, &c.

MODELLING in earth and wax are both performed in a similar way, except that the objects are larger in earth, and the fingers are preferred; whilst in wax, small tools made of wood, steel, or ivory, are used.

There is no art, perhaps, now known, which approaches nearer to real life than the wax model in colours; we view not only the form and colour of the object, but obtain a different effect in every situation in which it is placed before the light. In attempting to describe the method by which it is performed, we shall take for example the basso or alto relievo.

Having the object before you, and a fine piece of slate or glass, or any substance of the like nature, proceed with the tool to lay on the wax (the method of preparing which is hereafter described) very gradually, till it assumes, in some degree, the outline of the object, applying the wax where

where it is most prominent; and observing that all the parts are in proportion one with another, and that, by holding it in different lights, it still retains the appearance desired; for it is to be observed, that what may appear perfectly right when viewed in one light, may not be exactly so when seen in another. Having, by degrees, with the larger tool, brought the model very near the form, proceed, with a less tool, to the smaller parts, and give it those touches which impress value on the subject, by correcting all the parts which may appear too prominent. After having thus corrected your work, proceed to finely touch it, by going carefully over every part with a camel-hair pencil dipped in spirits of turpentine: this being repeated several times, in different directions, makes it perfectly smooth; the spirit dissolving the wax, takes down every unnecessary particle, and gives it that fine effect so much to be desired.

From this model may be made a mould in plaster of Paris; from which may be cast, in wax or plaster, numberless impressions equal to the original. As we have not mentioned colours, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that the process is exactly the same; only observing to have as many different colours in wax as there are in the object you intend to model.

Method of preparing the wax.----Take the purest virgin wax, any quantity; melt it in an earthen glazed vessel, having ready your colour ground fine in butter, with the addition of a small quantity of Venice turpentine, observing to have no more butter than is just sufficient to mix with the colour while grinding, otherwise it will be too soft: this being done, it must be put to the melted wax, and be well incorporated by stirring, which must be continued till it begins to cool round the edges; when it is sufficient, and must remain till cold. The weight of some colours is such as to immediately sink to the bottom, unless kept in motion long enough to prevent it by the wax cooling. If the wax is found too hard or soft, it is remedied by adding more butter or wax, as required.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 22. A NEW Opera, called "THE BLIND GIRL; or, *A Receipt for Beauty*," was performed, for the first time, at this Theatre; the characters as follow:

Don Gallardo (Viceroy of Peru), Mr. Munden; Don Valentia (his son-in-law), Mr. Betterton; Roderic (friend to Valentia), Mr. Claremont; Bonito (an apothecary), Mr. Townsend; Frederic (an English surgeon), Mr. Incledon; Splash (his servant), Mr. Fawcett; Sligo, Mr. Johnstone; Young Ynca (a descendant from the antient sovereigns), Mr. Hill:——Signiora Dolorosa de Gallardo, Mrs. Mattocks; Clara Bonito (the Blind Girl), Mrs. H. Johnston; Viletta, Miss Sims; Corrello, Miss Waters.---Scene: Lima, South America.

Frederic, a surgeon, and his servant Splash, two Englishmen, having been shipwrecked, arrive at the gates of the city of Lima, in South America. Almost on the instant of their appearance, Don Valentia, son-in-law to the Viceroy, and infamous for his libertinism, attempts to carry off Clara Bonito, the Blind Girl, from her family. They hear her cries, rescue her from her ravisher, and restore her to her father. Splash, who is nearly famished, hearing from his master, that he had, when in England, invented a cosmetic of extraordinary virtue in repairing decayed beauty, determines to try whether, by turning quack, and offering it to sale, he may not extricate himself from the danger of perishing by absolute want. With this view, he takes the opportunity of a large concourse of the inhabitants to make a ludicrous parade of the efficacy of the nostrum. Bonito, the father of the Blind Girl, anxious to show his gratitude to the preservers of his daughter's honour, invites the strangers to his house. Frederic, having examined Clara's eyes, acquaints Bonito of the probability of restoring her sight, and it is decided that the operation shall be performed.

The

The Viceroy's lady, who is very ugly, hearing of Splash's specific, resolves to try its powers, and dispatches Sligo, an Irishman, a kind of master of the ceremonies to the Vice-royal court, a superintendant of miscellaneous services, an overseer of odds and ends, a hoth-potch comptroller of bits and scraps, and grand regulator of this, that, and t'other, to introduce the new doctor to her Excellency.

Don Valentia's passion for Clara increases with the defeat of his plan to carry her off; and under the pretence of generously assisting her father, but with the real design of making him instrumental to his child's dishonour, lends, in conjunction with Luposo, one of his confederates, a considerable sum of money to Bonito, on the express condition that he shall return it only when both the lenders are present. Bonito is, however, tricked out of the money by the knavery of Luposo, who escapes to Europe. Clara having recovered her sight by the skill of Frederic, Don Valentia's passion being further inflamed by this unexpected addition to her beauty, he determines, unless Bonito will sacrifice his daughter to him, to reduce him to beggary, by exacting from him the whole sum which had been lent: Bonito is accordingly imprisoned for having paid to Luposo what should have been given only in the presence of both. Splash, in the mean time, succeeds, by the admirable virtue of his nostrum, in conferring on the face of the Vice-queen the appearance of greater youth and beauty: he is offered dignities and honours, but selects that of Chief Judge. In this situation he gives an exemplary instance of his sagacity, by freeing Bonito from the persecution of Don Valentia; for, when the cause is heard, he decrees, that as, according to the bond, both parties were to be present on the delivery of the money, and Luposo could not be found, justice required that Bonito should be liberated. Frederic and Clara are then united.

The interest is increased by interweaving in the main business of the Opera the assassination of Don Roderic by the

the Inca of Peru, the chastity of whose sister that libertine had brutally violated. The Inca is also brought before the tribunal of Splash, and sentenced to the same punishment as that before inflicted on Roderic for the violation of his sister's honour,---a month's banishment from the court.

Such are the materials upon which this Opera is founded.

The Author, Mr. Morton, seems to have chiefly aimed at gratifying the prevailing taste for show and music, seasoned with laugh and whim. Of the scenery, decorations, and dresses, we cannot speak too highly: the Manager has spared no expense in rendering them magnificent and appropriate. The Music (the joint composition and compilation of Mazzinghi and Reeves) possesses much skill and taste in combination; the grand movements and delicate transitions of the overture deserve particular praise. The airs, also, are exceedingly pretty, and afford full scope for the talents of Incledon, Townshend, Hill, and Miss Waters. The comic department is ably sustained by Munden, Fawcett, and Johnstone; and Mrs. H. Johnston does all possible justice to the blind heroine of the Peice.

The Opera was received with general applause. To the Author of it (Mr. Morton) we owe several of the most popular productions of the Theatre in the present day.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

April 6 [*Easter Monday*]. This favourite place of public entertainment opened for the season, and was attended by a very numerous assemblage of spectators, who were highly gratified. In admiring the succession of feats presented, even the poorer part of John Bull's family seemed to forget the scarcity of provisions, the lowness of wages, and all the other subjects of popular complaint.

The interior of this elegant Theatre has been entirely rebuilt, and does credit to the taste of the architect. It opened with a variety of novel entertainments, under the direction of Mr. Astley, Jun., who has spared neither pains

pains nor expense to please the public; and we have no doubt that his exertions will be rewarded. The House has been very much improved in point of elegance. The boxes are painted blue and crimson, and supported by octagon pillars, inlaid with looking-glasses reeded with burnished gold beads, ornamented with gold husk, and illuminated with brilliant chandeliers. The ceiling represents the signs of the Zodiac. The elevation of the roof is much extended, and the Stage considerably enlarged. Of the performances, a New Spectacle, entitled "THE IRON TOWER," was received with considerable applause. The story is very interesting, and the dresses and decorations are superb. A New Overture, composed by Mr. Sanderson (late of the Royal Circus), with an Obligato for the harp, flute, and hautboy, also met with deserved approbation, and adds to the credit of that ingenious Composer. Several new songs, written by Mr. Upton, whose Summer Muse takes a devious flight, sometimes at Vauxhall, sometimes at Astley's, &c., were encored. The holiday folks retired seemingly highly pleased with their evening's amusement.

20. This indefatigable caterer for the public pleasure added to his other performances an excellent representation of the late *Victory at Copenhagen*.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

April 6. According to annual custom, this handsome little Theatre also opened its doors to a crowded audience. The Scenery has been heightened, the Stage lengthened, and the audience part of the House rendered more commodious than before.

After a variety of Equestrian Exercises, a new grand Ballet Pantomime was produced, called "RINALDO RINALDINI; or, *The Black Tribunal;*" founded on fact.

This celebrated Outlaw flourished in the former part of the sixteenth century; and to elucidate his wonderful atchievements, and the estimation his valour, blended with humanity,

nity, placed him in, the following passage from the Preface of his German Historian may suffice:——

"All Italy speaks of him; the Appenine mountains and the Sicilian vales resound with the name of Rinaldini: it lives in the songs of Florence and Calabria, and in the ballads of the Sicilians. From the summit of the Alps to the extremity of the Appenines, men talk of his atchievements; and when the garrulous villagers of Calabria assemble in the evening before their doors, every one is ready to relate some adventure of the Valeroso Capitano Rinaldini; it is a pleasure to witness the eagerness and emulation they express. The shepherds of the Sicilian vales alternately entertain each other with stories of him; and the simple peasant, though exhausted by the heat and labour of the day, seems reanimated, the moment he begins to talk of Rinaldini, amid a circle of his acquaintances. Wives and maidens, young men and boys, all listen with delight when their fathers and husbands speak of him. Nor does sleep oppress their eyes, if their labours be but enlivened with a story of Rinaldini. He is the hero of the soldier's tale in the guard-room, or the lonely watch-tower upon the coast; and of seafaring men, when detained unwillingly on shore, or becalmed upon the ocean. Hills and valleys, spinning-rooms and cottages, alike resound with ballads of Rinaldini."

The "MAGIC FLUTE," on a sixty-second repetition, gave general satisfaction, and is a very amusing Pantomime.

20. A Grand Naval Spectacle, called "THE NORTHERN FLEET," was produced, and received with great applause. The cannonading and silencing the fortress of Cronenberg, the bombardment of the town and arsenal of Copenhagen, the destruction of the floating batteries, and the unparalleled bravery of our gallant seamen, are portrayed in a surprizing manner. A representative of the brave Admiral Nelson is seen in his flag ship, which, from its size, and the curious manner in which it manœuvres, has every appearance of reality, being full of men at their different stations; and with the rest of the fleet, gun-boats, shallops,

shallops, &c., form a most striking appearance. The music, dresses, and scenery, are characteristic, and the whole Piece is got up with spirit and ingenuity.

SADLER'S WELLS.

April 6. The Managers of this old-established place of amusement exhibited their wares to the admiring sight of the good folks of London and Islington.

Of the performances, the principal are, a New Burletta, written by C. Dibdin, Jun., called "CLAUDINE;" a Dance, by Mr. Gouriet, called *The Village Gambols;*" a new splendid Ballet Pantomime, written, &c., by C. Dibdin, Jun. (music by Moorhead, scenery by Andrews), called "THE ETHIOP;" exhibiting, among other splendid, elegant, and interesting scenes, a view of the wreck of a Moorish galley, conflagration of the Spanish camp, appearance of a spectre skeleton, and demolition of the Moorish fortifications by springing a mine; and a new and splendid Harlequinade, by C. Dibdin, Jun., called "HARLEQUIN AND THE ALCHEMIST; or, *The Philosophers' Stone;*" commencing with an interesting view of the magic laboratory of the Genius of Alchymy; and, after a great variety of mechanical transformations and splendid representations, concluding with a most elegant display of perspective perfection in the palace of Imagination.

April 6. This House also produced an admirable little dramatic locality in honour of the recent Victory; in which a Jew Volunteer (Mr. Davis) is a very conspicuous character. It presents the usual business of sea-fights, &c., with some good comic incidents well conceived, and happily hit-off in the performance.

LYCEUM, *Strand.*

Mr. ROBERT KER PORTER, whose celebrity as an Artist was at once established by his late Picture of the *Siege of Seringapatam*, has produced a new Historical Painting, that, in the ideas of some Amateurs, even exceeds, in interest

interest and general effect, his former production: it is the DEFENCE OF ACRE by Sir Sydney Smith against the French General Bonaparte. The grouping is tastefully managed, the moment of action selected with judgment; and the leading persons in the subject are undoubted portraits of the great originals represented. The crowds from the circles of taste and fashion that resort hither, from about ten in the morning till dusk, are astonishing; and we will venture to say, that no individual yet returned from this Exhibition without his most sanguine expectation having been fully realized.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. Spotted cambric gown, drawn tight round the throat with a lace frill; long sleeves, sitting easily to the arm. Short pelise of white muslin, trimmed with white lace; half Turkish sleeves. The witch hat, of plain straw, lined with pink; and a lace veil.

2. Pink muslin shepherdess jacket and petticoat. Long muslin cloak, with a hood instead of a cape. Large gipsy hat, tied down with pink ribands.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. White crape petticoat. Vest of crimson velvet, with jet beads down the sleeves. Cestus of gold tissue. White crape ruff. Head dress of pink and jet beads, with two pink and white feathers.

2. Yellow muslin robe, trimmed round the bosom and sleeves with blue or green gimp. Ruff of white lace. Head dress, a yellow net, bound with jet beads; and yellow and blue feathers:---the robe ornamented by jet beads.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Morning Dress for May 1801.

Afternoon Dress for May 1801.

BRITISH MUSEUM
19
48
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

TO DELIA.

LOVELY Delia, to thee my untractable Muse
Presumptuously dares to impart,
" In language unletter'd, in manners uncouth,
" In expression as plain as my village and youth,"
The feelings that glow at my heart.

Well Delia remembers when last in her sight
What tender impressions there grew,
Though double-pac'd Time would have check'd, by his flight:
The welcome sensations, receiv'd with delight,
Still grew in my breast, though the envious night
The object had stol'n from my view.

A pleasing reflection, when Delia retir'd,
Recall'd the past scenes of the eve;
And a soft peaceful slumber that seal'd up my eyes,
Plac'd full in my view what had caus'd my surprise,
And delusively bade me believe.

Enraptur'd I gaz'd on thy beautiful face...
I beheld thee engag'd in the dance;
And the eye of my mind, unconfined by space,
Pursu'd thy lov'd image, and now can retrace
Ev'ry gesture that caught my fond glance,

Enchanted I list to the varying tones
Thy musical fingers produce;
Whilst the trembling strings in sweet unison move,
They tune my fond feelings concordant with love,
And 'waken the song of my Muse.

But when with melodious sweetness you rais'd
Your voice, which might 'waken the spheres,
It dissolv'd every barrier that bound up my heart,
And left it unguarded to feel the keen smart,
When the object of love disappears.

Just so had my slumbers brought back the fond scene---
Ah! Delia, believe me 'tis true;
I thought to accost you---it could not be wrong;
But the falt'ring accents that fell from my tongue
Interrupted the dance---put an end to the song,
And the prospect was lost to my view.

Then say, lovely Delia, when this you shall read,
When these symptoms of love shall be known;
Say, shall I receive a kind answer with speed,
The fond spark of love in my bosom to feed?
Or, say, must my heart with fresh agonies bleed,
And my passion be check'd in its dawn?

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

CRYSTAL world, thy shadows pour;
Land where Fancy builds her bower!
In the silver-circle deep
Lies the treasury of sleep;
Many a glitt'ring dream of air,
Many a pict'ring phantom there!
Shades of soft ideas bless;
Images of happiness!

Last night, in sleep, my love did speak;
I press'd her hand, I kiss'd her cheek:
Her forehead was with softness hung;
Soft as the timid moon when young.
Two founts of silv'ry light unfold,
With eye-ball dropping liquid gold;
Her brows nor part, nor join, their jet;
Her teeth like pearls in coral set.

Her

Her bosom gave its od'rous swell,
Each breathing wave now rose, now fell;
And oft the flying blushes deck
With vermil light her marble neck.
Ah! union strange of chaste desire!
Mixt in her cheek were snow and fire!
My lips a million kisses pour
Her silver-shining body o'er.
Lengthening her crisped locks, embrac'd
The beauty, laughing, round her waist!
These snare the soul, these wake the sigh;
I gaz'd till madness fir'd the eye.

The soft clos'd lips I view'd awhile,
Just open'd with the tend'rest smile;
I heard her voice; but, too intent,
The dream dissolv'd as still I leant;
Yet till the day-break lit the sky,
That not one word might ever die,
Repeated o'er and o'er each word,
Till something like her voice was heard.

Thou friend to love! romantic night!
Now hang a painted dream like this;
I grasp a shadow of delight!
A painted dream is all my bliss!

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and show'r,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flow'r
"On earth was never sown;
"This child I to myself will take:
"She shall be mine, and I will make
"A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
"Both law and impulse, and with me
"The girl, in rock and plain,
"In earth and heaven, in glade and bow'r,
"Shall feel an overseeing pow'r,
"To kindle or restrain.

" She shall be sportive as the fawn,
" That, wild with glee, across the lawn,
" Or up the mountain springs;
" And her's shall be the breathing balm,
" And her's the silence and the calm,
" Of mute insensate things.

" The floating clouds their state shall lend
" To her...for her the willow bend;
" Nor shall she fail to see,
" Ev'n in the motions of the storm,
" A beauty that shall mould her form
" By silent sympathy.

" The stars of midnight shall be dear
" To her, and she shall lean her ear
" In many a secret place,
" Where riv'lets dance their wayward round,
" And beauty, born of murm'ring sound,
" Shall pass into her face.

" And vital feelings of delight
" Shall rear her form to stately height,
" Her virgin bosom swell;
" Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
" While she and I together live,
" Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake:...the work was done...
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

FROM THE FRENCH.

TEL fut l'amour, au siecle d'or
On ne le trouve plus, mais ou le cherche encore.
N'offrant qu'un cœur à la beauté
Aussi nud que la vetité
Sans armes comme l'innocence
Sans ailes comme la constance.

IMITATED.

IMITATED.

LOVE.

EMBLEM of Innocence! he bears no arms,
Nor begs for wings to fly from virtue's charms;
But tenders to beloved youth
Hearts open as delightful truth.
Such was love in days of Yore:
Alas! the fugitive is found no more.

S. W.

IN MEMORY OF MISS ELIZ. CRITCHLEY.

" THE Loves and Graces were so blended in her,
" And all the varied charms of loveliness
" Were so conjoin'd, that Art and Nature seem'd,
" As 'twere, contending at her birth, which should
" Excel in lavish exquisites towards
" This great paragon!"

LIKE some sweet rose within a verdant bow'r,
Whose peerless beauty lures each envious eye,
Till some proud spoiler, in a luckless hour,
The fated flow'ret wrecks --ah! recklessly!

To deck some spot with all its envied grace,
It's rifled charms are hurried far away;
But, ah! how sad remains its native place;---
Its beauty fled, and looks no longer gay!

So thou, once roseate maid, in beauty grew,
In guileless charms, which, like reflecting glass,
Told to admiring gazers as they'd view,
E'en as thy loveliness thy virtue was.

But envious Heav'n, if Heav'n can envious be,
With jealous eye beheld the blooming prize,
And sent an angel down to gather thee,
And plant the sweet exotic in the skies.

Consign'd from earth, how lonesome 'twill appear
To those who knew, who only knew to love;
And blest are they who trace thy footsteps here,
The path that led thee to thy Heav'n above,

And they who haply did thy friendship share,
Or if to one thy love didst e'er bestow,
Thou gav'st a joy, now sorrow may compare;
For where thou lov'dst 'twas sure a Heav'n below.

Now thy pale relics here on earth remain,
Vestige of what thou wast, not what thou art;
No more of sorrow shalt thou drink, or pain
Obtrude thy rest, or grief pervade thy heart.

And tho' no more we list with wont delight
On those lov'd strains that fed the enraptur'd ear,
Still o'er our minds, for many a distant night,
Till mem'ry fails, thy shade shall linger here.

Adieu, soft fleeted maid! on earth, adieu!
In this harsh world no joys for us remain;
But in that hope ere long to follow you,...
Our only hope, that we shall meet again.

CAROLUS.

March, 1801.

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN BENNETT.

Inscribed to the Honourable Mrs. Bennett.

[BY MRS. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.]

BENEATH the shade of yon funereal tree,
Whose dank boughs faintly o'er the tomb-stones wave;
My sad reflections I devote to thee,
Thou early victim of the silent grave!

Yet not for *thee* my bursting heart o'erflows,
For thou art freed from ev'ry human care;
I mourn, alas! the widow'd Charlotte's woes,
And o'er *her* anguish drop Affection's tear.

Snatch'd in a moment from her dear embrace,
In manhood's prime...with health and fortune blest;
Adorn'd with ev'ry intellectual grace
That warms and dignifies the human breast.

He falls, to rise no more!...Beware, ye vain!...
Know that existence is a fragile flow'r;
Compare your bliss,...more certain is your pain;
You bloom...you fade...you perish in an hour.

Yet

Yet cease, chaste partner of his wedded life,
That fatal hour so deeply to deplore!
True to your trust, as mother, friend, and wife,
Heav'n's choicest blessing you have still in store.

One retrospective moment brings thee peace!
Record it on thy pure and faithful heart;
Should ev'ry other earthly comfort cease,
'Twill blunt the edge of Sorrow's keenest dart.

'Twill smooth the rugged path of hoary Time,
And chase each bitter feeling from thy breast;
'Twill tune thy spotless mind to thoughts divine,
And give unto thy bleeding bosom rest.

'Twill cheer through life's sad stage the dreary road,
And scatter flowers o'er the thorny way;
'Twill lead thee to that blissful, sure abode,
Which Virtue looks for in---an endless day.

'Twill o'er the bed of sickness shed repose,
To sooth with drops of balm the troubled mind;
'Twill give new fragrance to the with'ring rose,
And o'er thy brows a deathless garland bind.

That retrospective moment marks thy doom,
It shows thee, pure as Heav'n's celestial ray;
Vainly do transitory beauties bloom:
A soul like thine can never know decay!

AN INVOCATION TO HEALTH,

FOR THE RECOVERY OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

Written Extempore.

GO, angel Health, thy roses shed,
Salubrious breathings o'er the bed,
Where palid droops my friend;
With thy gay teints relume his eye,
And to the sufferer's chastened sigh
Thy panacea send.

Hygeia,

Hygeia, with thy gen'rous glow,
Quick through each pulse returning flow,
And chase the dire disease:
If thou his languid form sustain,
Prone at thy touch, subsiding pain
Shall yield to balmy ease.

But hold, my Muse, nor longer dare
To breathe the sacred suppliant pray'r
To names of fabled pow'r;
But to the great existent God,
Whose mercy tempers every rod
Through each afflictive hour.

To whom let ev'ry tear be giv'n,
With humid eye imploring Heav'n,
Orlando to restore;
So my impassion'd soul shall raise,
And grateful sing a Saviour's praise,
Till fleeting life is o'er.

And, then, eternal at thy throne,
The wond'rous mercy still I'll own.

LAURA.

Woolwich, March, 1801.

TO MISS MARY ANNE ***.

A MUSE, to Flattery unknown,
To Virtue's mandates ever prone,
Addresses Mary Anne:
To guard a lovely girl from ill,
One precept I would fain instill,
It is, "*Beware of Man.*"

When with insinuating grace
The flatterer extols your face,
Your shape, your lip, or eye;
Or when his bold licentious gaze
Your burning blushes rudely raise,
Hit dang'rous presence fly.

When

When he your hand with ardour grasps,
Or still more insolently clasps
His arm around your waist;
And dares it in the face of day,
Nay, even in the public way,
Oh! shun him, and with haste.

To calm Reflection's voice attend,
She'll prove a salutary friend....
A friend that seldom fails;
She'll teach you early to deride
The trifling coxcomb's empty pride,
And all his idle tales.

The glitt'ring gorget, silken sash,
Are baubles, gewgaws, toys, and trash,
Unworthy Mary Anne;
When by their wearers they are made
Subservient to seduction's trade,
They vilify the man.

'Tis an alliance with a heart,
Above the wiles of dress and art,
Alone can make you blest;
All else resentfully disclaim,
For, trust me, 'tis their only aim
To render you distrest!

Enfield, April, 1801.

THE SMILE.

[BY DR. PERFECT.]

"Smiles are the privilege of human love."

NOW chanticleer, clarion of morn,
Announced the twilight at hand;
Arous'd by the hound and the horn,
Young Ancaster hied to the band.

When rapture wing'd over the dale,
Resounded with echo the rocks;
The pack mouth'd it loud o'er the trail,
In pursuit of the fugitive fox.

Now

Now, finish'd the chase, and the Eve,
Immaculate daughter of day,
So tranquil and calm, that a leaf
Scarce mov'd on the aspeny spray;

The lark from her sky-brighten'd tow'r
Descended in verdure to rest;
Apollo, completing his tour,
Repos'd on Amphitrite's breast.

Brown Ceres to sheep-bells gave ear,
Or listen'd to Colinet's flute;
An oak, which for many a year
In peace had extended its root,

A canopy, solemn, of shade
O'er Florida, maid of the vale,
Its ample protection display'd,
While her sonnet enchanted the gale.

"What wonder that sudden surprize
"Arrested the sportsman's career?
"The minstrel of magic he eyes:...
"Is Florida silent with fear?

"Sweet maid, who prefers to the court
"The charms of sequester'd repose,"
He said, "the young breezes, in sport,
"For thee their ambrosia disclose.

"No emigrant am I in love,
"Oh! dart not disdain from your eyes;
"More bright than stellations above,
"Their fervour of kindness I prize.

"Sweet maid, my possessions are thine,
"No treachery lurks in my speech;
"Be all thy lov'd paradise mine,
"To bless thee each moment I'll teach."

Did Florida fly from the swain,
In haste bid her suitor adieu;
We shepherds, who live on the plain,
Pronounce her both faithful and true.

For

For Corydon, down from the steep,
That bends o'er the current below,
Releas'd from the charge of his sheep,
Repair'd her endearments to know.

Could modest fidelity cheer?
Then, Corydon, great was thy bliss;
Of Ancaster's suit couldst thou hear,
Without an additional kiss?

Her heart, as she spoke it, soft glow'd,
Its tenderness cherish'd no guile;
On Flatt'ry, if frowns she bestow'd,
The truth she rever'd with a smile.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Plain-tiff.

NEW CHARADES.

THOUGH language is govern'd by Fashion and Taste,
Some terms there may be that express
What we mean more completely than if we were chaste,
Or studied an elegant dress.

Then such is my First, and clearly it shows
An intent to impose or deceive;
Though seldom its us'd by the belles and the beaux,
I request you'll permit me the leave,

My Second's a term which, I fancy, implies
A studious attention to dress,
And those little graces the ladies most prize,
Though it oft turns its ear from distress.

My Whole I present as a luminous light,
But is it deriv'd from the skies?
To banish the gloom that pervadeth the night,
Or from Sol's brilliant rays doth it rise?

CHARADE

CHARADE II.

THOUGH refinement produces a change in the mind,
And truth may be fritter'd away;
Though polish of manners, too often we find,
Tends to virtue and honour's decay;

Yet my First is allow'd these rich gifts to retain,
And, though roughness perchance may arise,
'Tis soften'd by feeling, and would not give pain
To those it may even despise.

'Tis envelop'd in honour, embellish'd by fame,
The protector of what we most prize,
For liberty's self has declar'd that her name
In the pow'r of my first chiefly lies.

My Second's a term I can scarcely express,
Yet still 'tis connected with gain;
My Whole is a shield, but not for distress,
And cannot protect us from pain.

Correspondence, &c.

THE verses of L. M. *are not poetical enough for insertion.*

The Ode to the River Mersey *is stark nonsense.*

A Constant Reader *is informed, that he is welcome to make what after-use he pleases of any original Articles that he may send for insertion in our Publication. And, also, that* Works of great length, *as* Novels of two or three volumes, *&c., are wholly useless to us. We do not wish for Articles, in any case, that exceed five or six pages.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Louisa!

Or, The Maid of the Hay-stack.

Published June 1801, by Vernor & Hood, Poultry.